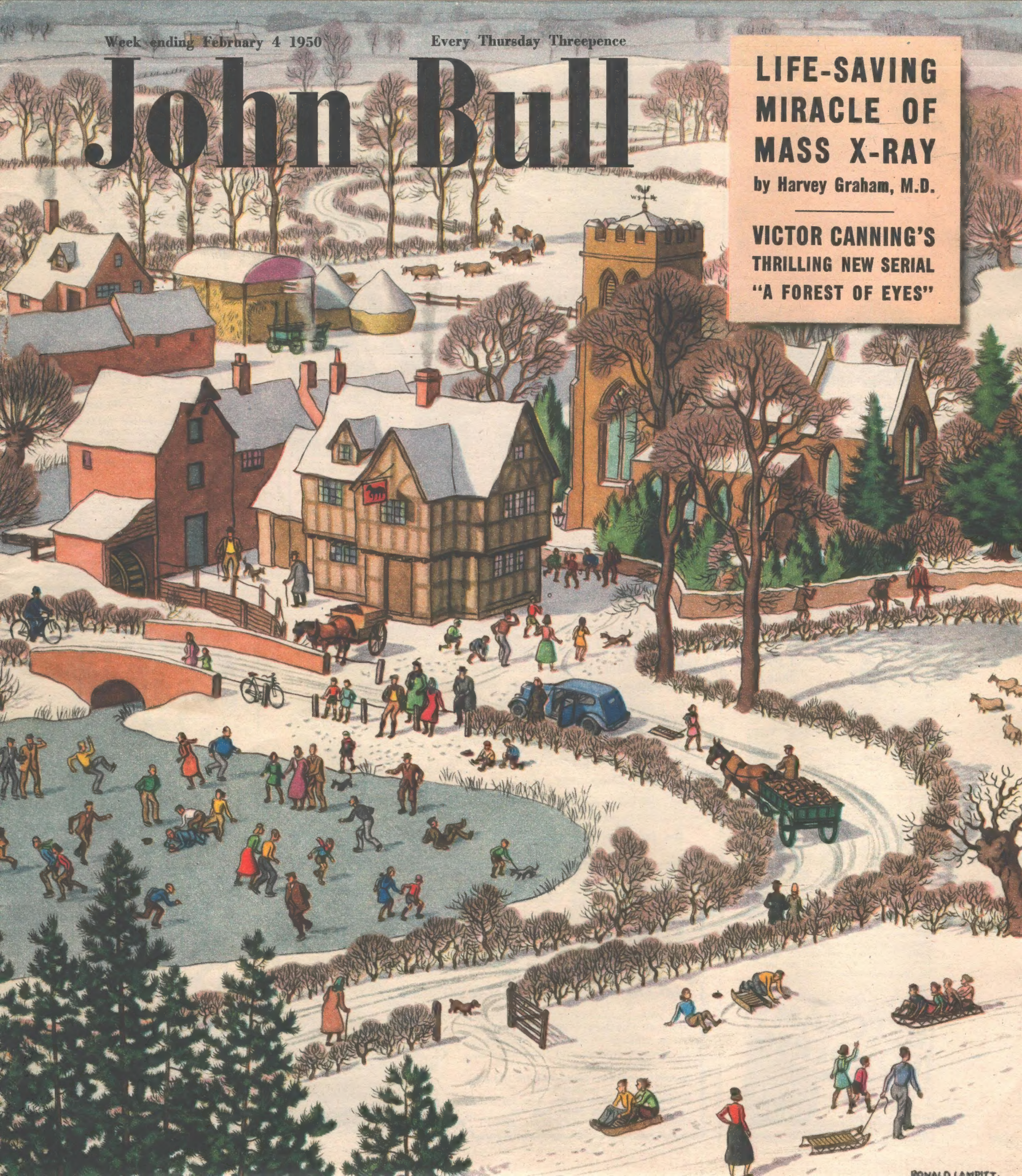
Week ending February 4 1950 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

LIFE-SAVING MIRACLE OF MASS X-RAY

by Harvey Graham, M.D.

VICTOR CANNING'S THRILLING NEW SERIAL "A FOREST OF EYES"



Keep the SPARKLING EYES AND RADIANCE of youth

DULL days can't damp your vitality and energy, can't rob your eyes of brightness and your complexion of radiance, if you take Bile Beans regularly. Medically tested, purely vegetable Bile Beans stimulate the system, keep the bloodstream healthy, ward off ills and upsets due to constipation. Be cheerful, keep that youthful figure, by taking Bile Beans, the favourite tonic laxative, just a couple at bedtime. Bile Beans are a real safeguard against winter ills.

Nature's Gentle Aid

BILE BEANS

Another COLD — I Must Take a Beecham's Powder

Ah! THAT'S BETTER!

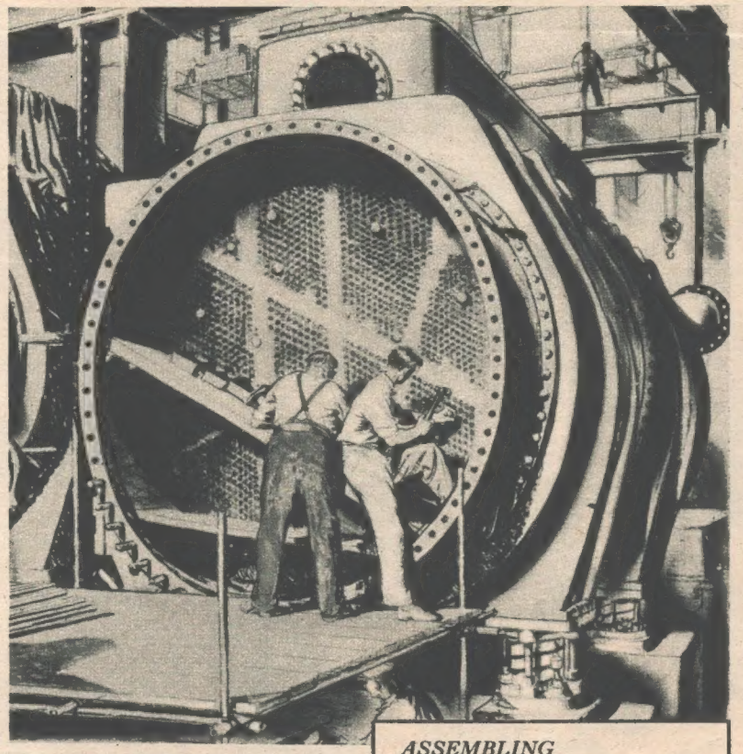
Beecham's Powders soon relieve the unpleasant symptoms of a cold. Owing to their fine *powder* form they are rapidly assimilated and *speedy in action*. Beecham's Powders are also wonderfull for **Chills, 'Flu, Headaches, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago,** and during difficult days, for they not only ease pain quickly but also soothe upset nerves.

Rely On BEECHAM'S POWDERS

Prices in Gt. Britain 2 Powders for 5½d. Cartons of 8—1/6d.

For QUICK RELIEF!

ALSO IN TABLET FORM 1/6 PER BOTTLE



ASSEMBLING A STEAM CONDENSER

Power station steam condensers, which may be twice as high as a man, contain 8,000 or more tubes up to 30 ft long. Each one of these tubes has to be threaded into position and fixed at both ends by vacuum-tight joints.

more power

—AND WHAT IT MEANS FOR YOU

THE STEAM CONDENSERS of power station turbines contain a forest of tubes through which cold water is circulated. Steam, after passing through the turbine, impinges on the tubes and is instantly condensed into water, which is pumped back into the boilers to be used again. By creating a high vacuum at the turbine exhaust, the condenser enables maximum energy to be extracted from the steam. British Electricity are building 38 new power stations and installing new plant in 43 existing stations in four years—to end power cuts in the factories and your home.

BRITISH ELECTRICITY

Relief from INDIGESTION

THANKS TO MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER

The wide popularity of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of its efficacy in relieving Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea and Stomach Pains due to Indigestion.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Price 1/8, 2/10 & 6/8
Also in Tablet Form
Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets. Price 1/8 & 2/10 and in Handy Pocket Pack 10d.
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ADA says "BETTER GET A BIG HELP WHILE YOU'RE AT IT!"

Thousands of women say: "ADA is such a big help"—and mean it, two ways. By both washing *and* wringing automatically ADA is the biggest help, bringing freedom from the heaviest drudgery. It saves so much time, too. And ADA is big in capacity, handling with ease the full family wash from heavy blankets to nappies. No need to send anything out; the saving on laundry bills soon pays for ADA's keep. Enjoy this boon in your home. See ADA today. Write today for picture folder and name of nearest dealer to

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BOTTLED VINEGAR is best!

and this is the BEST BOTTLED VINEGAR

E D I T O R I A L

Stiffer safety rules would cut these accidents

WHILE BRITISH INDUSTRY has made great strides forward technically and productively, it still lags badly in one important way. *It isn't safe enough.*

You are more likely to get hurt or killed in an industrial accident in Great Britain than in America.

Yet this country has a far longer tradition of industrial experience, in mines, factories and transport, than has the United States. There is no good excuse for the fact that our accident rate today is actually rising.

We ought to know all the answers—and so we do. But our accident prevention is inadequate and out of date. We lag behind in legal enforcement of necessary precautions.

Therefore millions of British workers are daily exposed to unnecessary risks. It is no answer to say, as some woolly-minded managers do, that risks must be run "in order to step up the production drive." That is bunkum.

All the evidence shows that the safest factories are often the most efficient ones. It is slackness and lack of thought which multiply accidents, and these failings do not go with productive efficiency.

In the whole of British industry last year, more than 200,000 accidents were reported, causing loss of labour equal to that of 25,000 workers for a year—which is far more than a drop in the nation's production bucket.

ABOUT 20,000 *more* workers are now being hurt annually than before the war. True, fatal accidents have slightly diminished in number, but that is mainly because of improvements in the coal pits.

The three main causes of industrial death and injury are mishaps with lifting appliances (cranes, lifts, hoists, etc.), transport accidents and falls.

From its nature, lifting machinery can never be made entirely foolproof—but very much more so than at present. Transport accidents include those in such risky railway occupations as shunting, where unwary workers are liable to get crushed between moving wagons. Falls are partly caused by personal inefficiency, partly by unsuitable flooring and lighting.

Commenting on these evils, the Chief Factory Inspector says that accidents are nearly always due to carelessness or inefficiency. It is as well to remember that the inefficiency may apply just as much to management and equipment as to the workers. The unpleasant fact is that all sides in industry tend to shut their eyes to accident perils unless they are forced to take action.

"It can't happen to me" is the comfortable thought which breeds over-confidence—and disaster. To save money or trouble, a manager fails to install a new safety device. Then *it* happens, and the ambulance bell signals that another victim has paid the price for lack of care and foresight.

Or a tired worker in a hurry lets his concentration slip for just that moment which allows the inexorable rhythm of his machine to catch him out. And in that moment he may be maimed for life.

This is why it is so urgently important to make machinery *safe*. In the early days of industry, accidents were appallingly frequent. Then it was realized that even a piece of railing or netting round moving parts would prevent many accidents.

YET such elementary precautions are still neither universal nor everywhere compulsory. Three Acts of Parliament, the Quarries Act, the Mines Act and the Factories Act, enforce safety measures for only nine million workers out of twenty millions.

And the same old familiar types of accident keep on happening in spite of past experience.

Women and girls are still scalped by getting their hair caught in machinery. Yet dozens of types of protective headgear are recommended, and can, indeed, be seen in the Government's Safety, Health and Welfare Museum in London. Even a scarf tied round the head is a safeguard; if vanity does not prevent a woman wearing it.

Foot-crushing is another prevalent accident. It still happens almost regularly to miners, quarrymen and other workers in heavy industries, in spite of reinforced boots with steel toecaps.

But it is the anomalies in safety enforcement which demand the urgent attention of whatever Government is given power at the General Election.

Example: A stone-cutter inside a factory must be provided with goggles. The same man employed by a town council outside in the street need not wear goggles and may lose an eye from injury by flying chips.

There are three things to be done without further delay. One is to make the law comprehensive, so that it enforces full protective measures for everyone. The second is to educate workers into extra vigilance. Films and mobile exhibits from the Safety Museum would be more effective than posters, which soon lose their point.

Finally, managements, too, must be educated. It has to be explained to them that accidents are a sign not of zeal for the production drive but of lazy inefficiency.

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
FEBRUARY 4, 1950 VOLUME 87 NUMBER 2275 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

THE NEW CARPENTER AND JOINER

This exhaustive work puts before the reader every practical development which has taken place in recent years, whilst the well-established methods have received careful attention.

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The book contains 37 full-page plates, and not less than 969 diagrams in the text, including dimensional details which can be used as working drawings.

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To the Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd., 56, Clun House, Surrey St., London, W.C.2.
Please send me particulars of "The New Carpenter and Joiner," for which I enclose 1d. stamp.
Name .....
Address .....
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THE MODERN PAINTER AND DECORATOR

The revised post-war Edition of this work provides a comprehensive storehouse of information on all subjects connected with the Painting and Decorating Trades. It contains information and advice on all the most recent and important developments, and particular attention has been paid to the practical and technical side of the Decorator's work.

A FEW OF THE SUBJECTS

Brushes, Materials, General House Painting, Distempering, Paint and Colour Mixing, Gilding, the Application of Leaf and Powdered Metals, Lettering, Sign-writing, Wallpapers, Paperhanging, Staining, Wood-finishing, Graining, Marbling, Stencils, Colour Glazing and Broken Colour Decoration, Texture and Plastic Paints, Cellulose and Synthetic Resin Finishes, Spray Painting, Damp Walls and their Treatment, Decorating Defects, their Cause and Cure, Tests for Painting Materials, Profitable Sidelines for the Decorator, etc., etc.

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Biromatic is the world's most convenient pen. The ballpoint is protected inside the pen case. Gentle pressure on the end stud brings the ballpoint to the ready; a further pressure retracts it into the case. Refills can be fitted in a few seconds. Saves time, saves effort—and the famous Biro ballpoint writing gives you still more speed!
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THIS LEMON SWEET DESERVES

Honorable Mention

says Patricia Seymour

HERE is a really delicious lemon pudding that *looks* specially attractive served in a 'Pyrex' brand dish. This glass ovenware *holds* flavours, cooks evenly all through. And no dirty saucepans to wash!

Grease 2-pint 'Pyrex' brand pie-dish. Sift 8 oz. self-raising flour; 1/2 level teaspoon salt. Rub in 3 oz. margarine. Add grated rind of 1 lemon and 2 oz. sugar. Beat one egg, mix with 1/4 pint milk and water, fold into mixture. When smooth, place in pie-dish. Bake in moderate oven for 1/2 hr. Squeeze out lemon juice, heat with 1/4 lb. apricot jam. Mix 1 level teaspoon arrowroot (or cornflour) to a thin cream with cold water, stir into jam mixture, bring to boil. Pour over hot pudding. (Kitchen tested.)

REGD. TRADE MARK **'PYREX'** BRAND **OVEN-TO-TABLE GLASSWARE**

All 'Pyrex' brand ovenware carries a 12 months' free replacement guarantee against breakage by oven-heat. It is made by James A. Jobling & Co. Ltd., Wear Glass Works, Sunderland

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Free Speech

INTELLIGENCE TESTS AT SCHOOL

AS HEADMASTER of a primary school, I consider John May's article on intelligence tests (JOHN BULL, January 14) dangerously misleading.

He says teachers are not supposed to coach for these tests, but that anyone can buy them, inferring that the system is faulty. Actually, a child shows a small improvement the second time he takes a test of this kind and a smaller one still the third time. After that, practice makes no difference.

The most misleading thing about the article, however, was the impression that the intelligence tests have replaced older methods. They have not. They are used in addition.—C. CRANE, 24 Fountain Street, Roberttown, Liversedge, Yorks.

. . . I have an intelligent, imaginative girl of nine. Until recently she attended an "old-fashioned" school where the main idea was to instil a love of learning. Now we have moved to a new district and my child has gone to an "I.Q.-crazed" school. Her love of school has vanished and she does everything carelessly.

I went to see the new headmistress and was told that nowadays there is no time for painstaking work. Children must get on, get finished, get it down, no matter how they do it. All that matters is speed.

My child will be educated my way. I want no mediocre, slick Smart-Alec methods for my daughter. — OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER, Staffs.

Weighing The Nylons

JUST BEFORE READING Edward Hogarth's article "How Nylons Are Born" (JOHN BULL, January 14), I had received a pair from America which were the sheerest I had ever seen. They were marked "15 denier," and in a dictionary I found that "denier" is an old French silver coin. In Mr. Hogarth's article I read that "15 denier" stockings are the finest made, but I am still puzzled over the use of "denier" in connection with nylons.—W. P., Aberdeenshire.

"Denier" is also an Italian measurement of weight, now standardized as equalling .05 grammes. The denier number of nylons is determined by weighing a standard hank of the yarn from which they are made. If the hank weighs fifteen denier, the stockings that yarn makes are "15 denier" stockings.

Bouquet For Charlie

WHAT A PERFECTLY delightful tale was Jack Trevor Story's "Our Charlie Strikes a Light" (JOHN BULL, January 7). It reminded me of my own childhood—how we loved to go off in a gang to see what mischief we could get up to. Being now the mother of four, I wait to see what tales of misadventure my children have to bring home. The author must have had a lovely childhood to write such a fine story.—MRS. A. P. CORDER, Ashton, Gorse Wood, Main Road, Longfield, near Dartford, Kent.

Comfort In The Shelter

CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART'S article on atomic defence (JOHN BULL, January 7) makes clear the importance of an adequate civil defence organization. But in the last war important details were often overlooked. I was at Liverpool throughout the blitz and there many underground shelters went unused because of poor ventilation or bad drainage. People risked the comfort of their own homes in preference to sitting in a shelter, breathing foul air, with their feet ankle deep in stagnant water.—N. A. YATES, Lynton, 223 Atherton Road, Hindley, near Wigan, Lancs.

. . . I was one of the people who had cast doubts on Britain's ability to survive another war. The article has shown me, however, that were atomic defence put into the hands of capable men such as Captain Liddell Hart we should have much less to fear.—A. K. S., Plymouth.

. . . He suggests the expenditure of thousands of millions of pounds. But if bacteriological warfare were used the defences would be useless. Let us spend our energy and money in developing contacts between the common people of the world.—SIDNEY G. YOUNG, 17 Roseberry Park, Redfield, Bristol.

Curling By Day

Mrs. A. Hills

NO DOUBT the letter from "Tartan" on hair curlers and its accompanying sketch ("Free Speech," January 14) were very funny. But he really has something to grumble at. And how can his wife sleep in them? There is an alternative. She can achieve her daytime waves by running a wet comb through her hair first thing in the morning, winding it in curlers and wearing a turban while doing her early-morning chores. Then, when her dirty work is done, her hair is ready to be dressed for the day. I do this, and the photograph shows how it looks.—MRS. A. HILLS, 11 John Street, Gravesend, Kent.

Bossy Bus Conductor

LIKE YOUR CORRESPONDENT W. Hall, I, too, suffer from shyness. After reading his description ("Free Speech," January 14) of how he overcame his shyness and helped more people on to a bus by pointing out that there were vacant seats on top, I happened to find two vacant seats on my bus. Thinking I would try out his tip, I called down: "Room for two more up here."

The conductor bounded up the stairs, yelled out, "Who said that?" and, when I meekly acknowledged that I was the culprit, admonished me with: "Well, just mind your own business. I'm the conductor of this bus."

In future I shall stay quiet.—LESLIE A. HALSALL, 52 Abingdon Road, Bramhall, Stockport.

Glorious Conscription

POOR "NATIONAL SERVICEMAN" who wrote about the time he is wasting in the Army ("Free Speech," January 14)! He obviously can't take it.

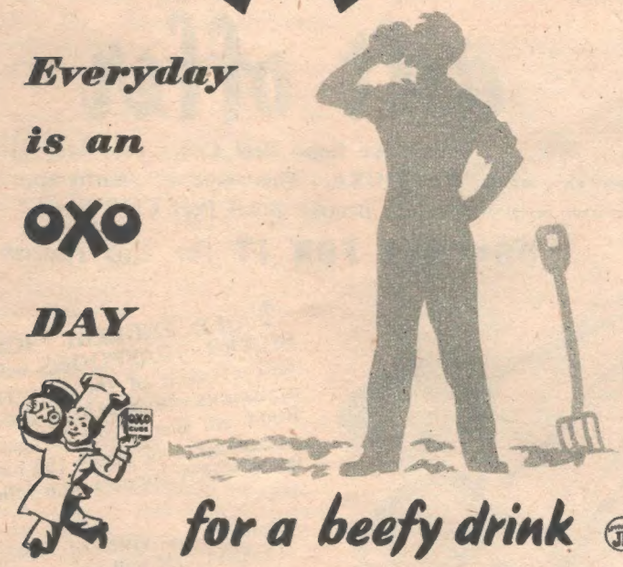
I have just completed two glorious years as a conscript. I have gained over two stone in weight and four inches in height, have learned to box, fence and sprint and made many pals, including sergeants and a padre. I hope to matriculate soon as a result of studies during my service.

Army life is what the man cares to make it. I tried to be a good soldier. And I succeeded.—INFANTRYMAN, Poole.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

From
SUNRISE to SUNSET

OXO



Everyday
is an
OXO
DAY

for a beefy drink

Up and down, and out-of-doors,
Bathroom, nursery: sinks and floors,
LIFEGUARD leads in home protection
Surest, safest disinfection.

LEADS
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So strong and yet so wonderfully gentle. Non-poisonous, non-corrosive, non-staining, LIFEGUARD has a pleasant, clean smell, and keeps the home wholesome and healthy. 1/9 double size.

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Oh-Oh! DRY SCALP!

Good-looking, maybe—but look at his hair! Lifeless, untidy, as if he never combed it. Dry Scalp is the cause, and dandruff the result. Why doesn't someone tell him about 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic?

Now look at his hair, after using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Dry Scalp gone! Dandruff gone! Hair's become easy to comb, looks healthy, naturally glossy. So easy and quick—a gentle daily massage with a few drops of this amazing tonic dressing that gets to the root of the trouble.

Vaseline* HAIR TONIC
The Dressing that ends Dry Scalp

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HOW ARE YOU FEELING THESE DAYS?

Vitality largely depends upon vitamins. You must have a sufficient vitamin intake if you are to have sufficient energy.

STRONGER! *The vitamin content of Crookes Halibut Oil capsules has now been increased, although the price remains unchanged. Capsules,* 25 for 2/6, 100 *for* 8/6.

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By building up resistance to infection with Angier's Emulsion you can lessen the risk of catching colds, chills and influenza. Angier's is a most palatable emulsion. It has a definite beneficent effect on the system and gives tone and vitality to the bodily functions.

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A sudden windfall from a kind uncle has sent the twins off helter-skelter to the sweet shop. What will they ask for? MAYFAIR Toffees and Chocolates of course . . . the nicest, daintiest most delicious sweets they can buy at the price. There are real thrills in store for all who buy MAYFAIR.

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Get a tin of Dr. Wernet's Powder from your chemist today. 60,000 dentists recommend it the world over.

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RHEUMATISM

Part of Fynnon's medicinal action is to increase the kidneys' outflow of poisons—*poisons liable to set up rheumatic aches and pains.* Get a tin of Fynnon Salt and give it a fair trial. 2/- everywhere.

FYNNON SALT

relieves RHEUMATISM, FIBROSITIS, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA & GOUT

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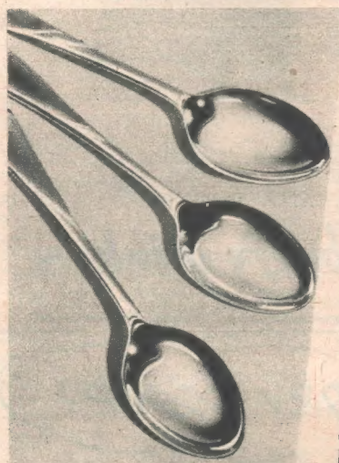
Be one of 6,000 lucky people

Brooke Bond gift offer

Brooke Bond Beef Cubes have been given the new easy name—BONDOXA. This name will shortly appear on a yellow strip across the Brooke Bond Beef Cube boxes.

LOOK OUT FOR IT *for this reason*



3 OLD ENGLISH NICKEL SILVER TEASPOONS will be sent to each of the first 1,000 applicants who send in six Brooke Bond 6d. Beef Cube boxes, on one or more of which the name BONDOXA appears on a yellow strip.*

Consolation Gifts of ONE TEASPOON will be sent to the next 5,000 applicants.

Start at once saving Brooke Bond 6d. Beef Cube boxes so that you are ready to send for your gift the moment you get one box with the name BONDOXA on the yellow strip.

HOW TO SEND

Flatten the six boxes, and post them (enclosing a slip bearing your name and address in block letters) to Advertising Dept. (C.) Brooke Bond & Co., Ltd., 6, Eldon Walk, Leeds 2. Mark the envelope "BONDOXA." Entries will be dealt with strictly in the order received.

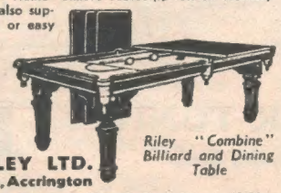
START ASKING YOUR GROCER NOW FOR *'Bondoxa*

—quality and dividend unchanged

** The yellow strip is on the SIDE of the box* ➡

A NEW IDEA IN FURNISHING

The Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining Table almost adds another room to your house. Dine—then play Billiards—on the same table. This beautiful two-in-one piece of furniture is offered in sizes for every home, available for cash or easy terms and first payment brings delivery, carriage paid. There's nothing like Riley Billiards for keeping the family together. Riley "Home" Billiard Tables (to rest on ordinary dining table), also supplied for cash or easy terms.



Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining Table

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E. J. RILEY LTD.
Glen Works, Accrington
or Dept. 9, 3a Northumberland Parade, North Harrow, Middx.

NEW FEET

INSTANT RELIEF from pain under arches and at ball of foot. Hard skin disappears; no more tiredness! **Omnipeds** are soft and comfortable, yet the most effective arch supports. More than 1,000,000 already relieved. State shoe size. Postage and packing 5d. Full satisfaction guaranteed.

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OMNIPED ELASTIC FOOT CUSHIONS

Inside an X-ray van. While the photograph is taken the radiographer (left) stands behind a shelter. Continued exposure to the rays is dangerous

The anti-T.B. squad tackles a town

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

From the parish hall two miners a minute step before the camera that can save lives. Cheaply, quickly and without fuss, mass radiography gives whole communities a health check-up

THE WINDSCREEN WIPER dock-docks from side to side as the cream-coloured van grinds up the valley road, into the little mining town huddled under an oppressive roof of cloud. At the head of the town, where the blurred street swerves leftward, a pit shaft sticks out of the mist like a giant, long-legged bird, head down.

The van follows the street, bumps over a small bridge and stops outside the parish hall. On its cream sides is the lettering, National Health Service, and below, Mass Radiography Unit.

A wet day is not the best day on which to visit Pontycymmer, beyond Bridgend, twenty-seven miles out of Cardiff. The van is now backed up against the front entrance of the parish hall. Cables drop from under the van and twist like creeper stems across the street to the power station opposite.

The hall is dimly lighted. At one end is a small stage against a crude scene painted on the wall. In the centre of the hall is a line of canvas cubicles.

Oratorios have filled this hall, sung by the miners' choir; and now the miners are stripping to the waist, lining up before the tables where four young women, Irene Francis, Jean Player, Mary Morgan and Margaret Markall, are asking routine questions and filling in a card for each man before he goes up the steps into the van to be radiographed.

Mass radiography is a quick, simple way of X-raying large numbers of chests and photographing them with miniature cameras on strips of ciné film; the object being to look for tuberculosis and treat the disease in the early stages.

Tuberculosis is an insidious disease. It is not noticeable in the early stages; when the symptoms appear it has usually gained a firm hold on one or both lungs. The young man or woman who is sweating too much at night, feeling run down during the day, and then coughing a speck of blood is not in the early but the middle stages of T.B.

Often it is too late for any treatment to save them. They die, sometimes quickly, sometimes after long months spent in sanatoria. We have a quarter of a million T.B. cases on the nation's sick list. They are dying at the rate of 400 a week.

For the prompt cure of the individual and for control, so that the disease does not spread to members of the family, friends, workmates, early diagnosis is needed—diagnosis of the disease literally before there are any symptoms.

X-rays have long been used for spotting early T.B. This happened occasionally with people who were being examined by a doctor, perhaps for life insurance or for some other reason. In most of these cases cure could almost be guaranteed.

Ordinary chest films for X-ray purposes measure fifteen inches by twelve inches and cost ten shillings each. To use them for the detection of T.B. in large numbers of people would be difficult, expensive, impracticable, involving huge apparatus, staffs, storage facilities.

Mass radiography has simplified the process. It is cheaper—halfpenny a picture instead of ten shillings. A hundred exposures go to every ten feet of film, reducing storage problems. And it is quick—people can be X-rayed at the rate of 3,000 a week, with the results available in a few hours.

At full speed, they are radiographing miners two a minute. Up the steps they go into the body of the

cream van. It is Rhys Llewellyn's turn.

A. J. Ley, the assistant radiographer, measures the depth of his chest, "... to work out the correct exposure," Ley explains. "The thicker the man, the longer the exposure. You get a tenth of a second."

He inserts Llewellyn's card into the camera so that the serial number will appear on the X-ray photograph, locks his hands at the back, presses his chest against the fluorescent screen, and ducks behind the metal shield skirted with lead-plastic curtains to shelter all the operators from the injurious effects of long-continued exposure to X-rays. Only long-continued exposure is dangerous; exposure for seconds or even minutes has no effect at all.

Films Image Of Chest

The X-ray apparatus is behind Llewellyn. The camera will photograph the image of his chest which appears on the fluorescent screen.

"Take a deep breath," says Joan Thompson, the chief radiographer, and she presses the knob that takes the picture. The film winds automatically. The miner steps aside and the next man comes up to be measured.

A busy man in the unit is Bill Thomas, the driver-mechanic. "I have to drive this buggy around," he says. "She weighs fifteen tons and the equipment's worth £10,000. I've got to maintain it. I'm responsible for the generator if we're X-raying where there's no juice to be picked up off the main. And I process the films in my spare time."

Thomas shows the way round his "outfit" proudly. Next door to the X-ray apparatus is the dark-room. There are hinged writing desks with drawers, hot and cold filtered water, stainless steel sinks, thermostatically controlled immersion heaters, large film-viewing lanterns and projectors. Not an inch of space is wasted.

He Gives The Verdict

Reading X-ray photographs is a specialist's job and is done by the mass radiography unit doctor. His big responsibility lies in telling people there is nothing wrong with them. It is particularly tricky work with miniature ciné film.

Though the picture can be projected up to a convenient size on the screen, the ciné film cannot give the same detail as the twelve inches by fifteen inches film, so doubtful cases are recalled to be photographed on a full-size film. "Tragically," the doctor says, "a few do not respond to the recall. They are usually too afraid to learn the truth."

If a full-size X-ray reveals any danger signals, the individuals concerned are interviewed by the doctor. "I tell them what I suspect," he says. "I advise them what to do and, as the findings are confidential, I ask for permission to send a report to their doctors."

Most people take the news stoically, but since they rarely have any symptoms at this stage it sometimes comes as quite a shock.

Mass radiography is not concerned with class or seniority. No distinction is made. But managing directors usually lead the way as an example for their staffs to follow, as do mayors, doctors, lawyers and padres.

Engaged couples often come and ask for a clean bill of health before getting married. One man would only agree to being X-rayed if his greyhound was done also. The dog had been losing races consistently. They found a broken bone in its tail.

Two people in every thousand are found to have tuberculosis. It is not possible to tell T.B. by the look of a person. A weed of a man is often healthy, while a tough-looking person may have the disease. At an R.A.F. station, the only case the mass radiography unit found was the tall, muscular P.T. instructor.

Mass radiography is revealing pulmonary tuberculosis in its earliest recognizable form, when T.B. physicians seldom, if ever, had a chance of treating it before. A large number of healed lesions are being found—these are evidence of lungs being affected and having recovered naturally without the person ever knowing he had had the disease.

X-raying the chest shows up a whole lot of other diseases besides tuberculosis. At the inauguration ceremony before the first mobile unit went into service at the end of 1943, Lord Davies, as President of the former Welsh National Memorial Association, was the first to be radiographed. X-ray revealed an abnormality in the lung, but he had been radiographed too late. He died a few months later.

A boy of thirteen was found to possess only half a diaphragm. He had always been a sickly child—no wonder, his bowel was lodged in his chest, with his appendix just below the right shoulder. He was operated on and his organs were put where they should have been and a new diaphragm was constructed. He has now recovered.

In six years the Welsh M.R.S. has examined nearly 350,000 men and women. Of every 10,000, roughly 277 are found to be abnormal, including forty-six cases of suspected T.B., twenty definite T.B. and the remaining 211 with dust diseases, heart trouble, and other abnormalities.

Rarely Found In Children

Children so seldom suffer from the pulmonary form of tuberculosis that mass X-ray surveys of children are hardly worth while. One recent survey found only three cases in 10,000 children. Women are slightly more prone to T.B. than men, though the wartime rise in cases has affected men more than women.

Wales, with four mass radiography units operating, leads the field in Britain, though she is still far short of Lord Davies's dream of twenty units X-raying all Wales's 2,500,000 chests at least once a year.

In America, mass radiography is geared up to handling populations of whole cities in the space of a few days. This is what happened in Washington D.C. not so long ago:

On D-Day minus two weeks, the newspaper campaign opened. Forthright editorials on the moral obligations of the citizen exhorted readers to give a good example by being radiographed. Radio stations took up the cause, an X-ray song was composed and recorded by Nellie Lutcher, and the local Dick Barton took time off in the middle of rounding up thugs to get himself radiographed.

Organizing committees of prominent citizens were set up. The city's schools, churches, rotary clubs and guilds were brought in to assist.

On D-Day, forty units closed in on the city, moving to preselected positions. A fresh burst of publicity heralded the opening of operations, and for three days and nights radio programmes were interrupted every now and then with: "Friend, you may be dead within the year. A terrible disease may be destroying your lungs unknown to you. Have you been radiographed to know the truth about yourself while there is still time?"

In Britain, the biggest problem affecting tuberculosis is the lack of hospital nursing and domestic staffs—9,000 T.B. cases are waiting for beds in sanatoria in which 4,000 beds are closed for lack of nurses. So doctors often cannot arrange admission to hospital even where this is necessary. Not that T.B. can't be treated in the home—it can, but there the patient may be a source of danger to the rest of the family.

Danger Of Streptomycin

There is no medicine for the cure of tuberculosis. Streptomycin has made certain progress, especially in cases of tuberculous meningitis, once 100 per cent fatal. Streptomycin does arrest the disease, though it does not always cure. Its greatest danger is that it may breed a streptomycin-resistant germ.

This is a double danger. Once the tubercle germs in a T.B. sufferer are resistant to streptomycin, further treatment with the drug is useless. Then anyone infected by that person, no matter how early the disease is detected, cannot be treated by streptomycin.

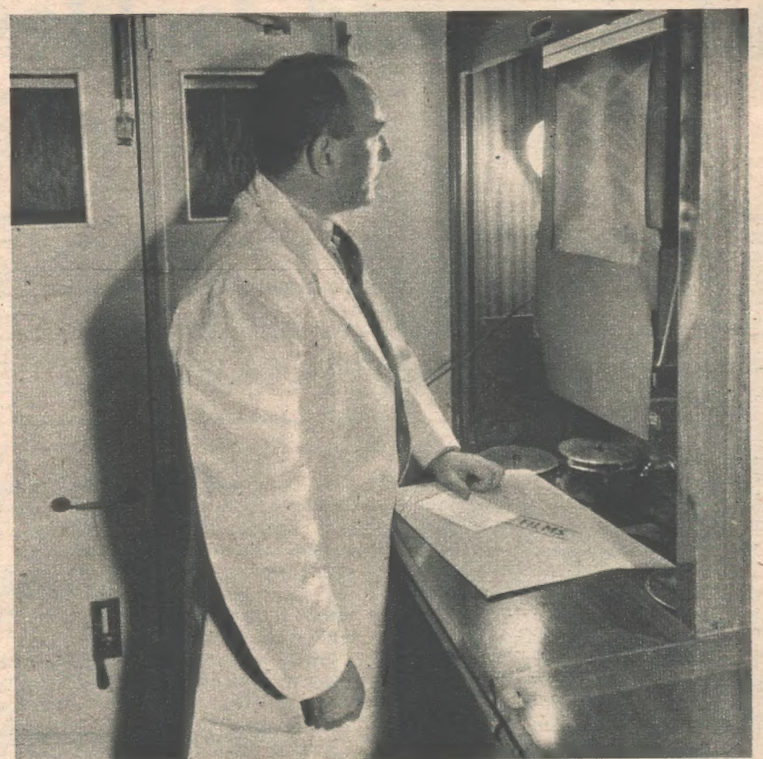
Fortunately, there is an answer to this problem. For certain kinds of lung tuberculosis a new drug PAS (para-aminosalicylic acid), given with the streptomycin, reduces drastically the tendency to resistance on the part of tubercule bacilli. With streptomycin alone, fifty per cent of cases develop streptomycin-resistant T.B. germs. When PAS is given as well, only twelve per cent develop this resistance.

Immunization against tuberculosis is possible now. B.C.G. (Bacille Calmette-Guerin) has at last been accepted here, and a start made in immunizing selected children, as well as doctors and nurses most exposed to infection. There is still argument as to whether B.C.G. will prove as valuable here as it seems to be in Scandinavia.

The Best Cure

Rest and good food remain the best cure for T.B. arrested in the early stages; and here lies the positive value of mass radiography.

Mass radiography is so valuable that some doctors have suggested that its application should be compulsory. I do not agree. Education is always preferable to compulsion and there is no doubt that people everywhere are more alive to the importance of taking advantage of mass radiography. And the most effective advocates are the growing number of young people who have been cured of T.B.—because it was detected early enough by the tiny film in the X-ray camera.



Film is developed in dark-room and read by the doctor, here viewing a doubtful case which has been rephotographed for detail on larger film

Tories' election salesman

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

The gloomy interior of Tory H.Q. is deceptive. Lord Woolton runs it like a department store. The sales problem of the day: how to put over Tory goods to the all-important "floating vote"

Woolton—housewives' choice? Women canvasser wears badge and clasp awarded to those who signed up 100 Conservative supporters

NOT LONG AGO, the Conservative Central Office, political machine of the Tory Party, almost roasted its leader alive. This unrehearsed and nearly disastrous incident took place at Brighton, where Mr. Churchill spoke for an hour and twenty minutes. All of this time he stood under the glare of powerful white lights, which not only baked but also blinded him.

The fault lay partly in the characteristic Churchillian pose. When he speaks, Churchill's shoulders hunch, his black-rimmed spectacles slide down his nose, and he seems to brood over his audience. The pose and delivery are familiar and fascinating to his most convinced opponents.

However, the Central Office staff finds this imposing bearing something of a problem. Floodlights raise Churchill's temperature, and the glare reflecting on the inside of his glasses prevents him from seeing his audience.

What Churchill said after his Brighton speech is not recorded. Whatever it was, the Central Office has since found an effective and cool way of illuminating the leader of the party. They now bathe him in true blue coloured floodlights. The colour is appropriate; there is no glare; and the danger of Churchill going up in smoke is eliminated.

Ear To The Ground

Presenting Churchill in a favourable light is just one of the functions of the Central Office. The party machine is a complex and versatile organization. It not only publicises its leader but also listens carefully to the constituents and reports their feelings to the political strategists.

It acts as a civil service for Conservative M.P.s and supplies advice on pension and insurance cases to any individual who asks. Central Office's skill at organization was demonstrated in last year's council elections. How effective it is will only be known when this year's returns are in.

The Central Office is now in its eightieth year, but sometimes gives the impression of being a vigorous three-year-old. This is accomplished by looking back only as far as July, 1946, when the chairmanship of the organization was accepted by Lord Woolton. It is undoubtedly true that the resemblance between the office that Disraeli established in 1870 and the powerful propaganda machine of today is largely in name only.

The physical appearance of the Central Office premises hardly bears out the youthfulness which the Woolton régime seeks to instil. The organization occupies three floors in Abbey House, an old structure in Victoria Street, London. The building is a converted hotel and the Conservatives share it with such organizations as the Boys' Brigade.

New Front An Omen?

Commissionaires convoy guests down long, gloomy corridors to sparsely furnished offices, most of them heated by coal fires. It is perhaps not without significance that Abbey House is having its face lifted. But it will be some time before the old building will have a new façade.

Although it has not improved Central Office surroundings, the Woolton touch has given the Tory machine something more than a face lifting. The broken-down wreck of 1945 is now a complex political weapon. The Tory High Command can transmit battle orders through Central Office right down to ward and street representatives. Conservatives compare it to the wartime A.R.P.

Although he dislikes being referred to as head of a machine, Lord Woolton gets sole credit for the rejuvenation of the Central Office. At sixty-six, the pink and white complexioned Woolton is a master of finance, organization and statistics as well as the possessor of a winning bedside manner. Each of these attributes is reflected in the overhauled headquarters.

Woolton, the financial genius, raised a fighting fund of £1 million to build his machine. He made sure that it would have an annual income well in excess of £200,000 to keep it running.

Woolton, the statistician, has his office walls decorated with election graphs. He set his research department to work studying the market for Conservative political wares in order that he might estimate the numbers and categories of the floating vote which must be captured.

Woolton, the organizing expert, introduced techniques from his departmental store experience. The Central Office is thoroughly departmentalized to handle problems from constituency finance to electoral law.

More important, the principle of service has been introduced. The party machine is referred to as the servant of the constituencies. The party itself is always spoken of as the servant of the people. The customer is always right.

Woolton, the benevolent Uncle Fred from the wartime Food Ministry, is presented to the public as an ideal Tory minister, and his name is believed to have great value with women voters.

Lord Woolton's appeal as housewives' choice fits neatly into the party strategy. The Central Office sees the electorate as a large pie divided into four quarters, each representing about eight million votes. One of these quarters they concede to the Labour Party, another they claim for themselves.

The third group of eight million is written off as not being expected to vote at all. The remaining segment is the one which wins the election.

Wooing The Women

These last eight million votes are the convertibles; they are the floating vote. According to the Central Office statisticians, a large proportion are women and the other important categories are young people, Liberals and trade unionists.

To please the ladies, the Conservative Party has a rule which says that one-third of each party committee shall be made up of women. To attract new electors—and the Conservatives estimate there are 400,000 of them each year—the Central Office has built up the Young Conservative organization of 160,000 members. This is claimed to be the world's largest voluntary political youth organization.

Defeat Converted Him

Lord Woolton is also believed to attract Liberals to the Tory cause. He was a non-party man and, according to his own announcement, only became a Conservative at noon of the day of their defeat in 1945. Members of the Liberal Party are urged to "Unite for Freedom and Recovery"—to join with the Tories in presenting a single candidate against the Labour man in likely constituencies.

When it came to assessing the number of trade unionist supporters, the Central Office obtained its figures from an independent research group. On this basis, the Conservatives say they can count on as many as two and a half million trade union voters. Central Office now has a Labour Problems department which keeps close watch on political developments in the trade unions and co-operative societies.

Woolton's method of studying potential voters as a merchant studies prospective customers has had some striking effects on Central Office propaganda. It has been considered a wise move to issue a pamphlet aimed at presenting the Tories as reformers, and to state that more than half the

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"They're stealing cats and bringing 'em here now," said the station sergeant wearily. That gave Sam a clue

THE CAT AND THE COPPERS

by

ERIK ROSMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

"FIND THE MISSING CAT, Inspector," said young Detective-Sergeant Sam Sibley, "and you can say we've found the murderer of Old Mrs. Ffolliott. The cat's our real clue. That's the way I see it."

He looked brightly at Detective-Inspector Hawley, who was leaning thoughtfully against the well-scrubbed kitchen table of Pear Tree Cottage. The inspector cocked an eye at him. Sibley had a round, chubby, pink-and-white face set with rather simple-looking china-blue eyes, and a silly moustache. It was not, thought Hawley, the face of a born detective; it lacked the cold eye, the firm mouth and the probing nose. In fact, when Hawley had taken his first look at what Scotland Yard or the fairies had sent to assist him, he had written Sibley off as a drivelling idiot. Now that he knew him better he considered him a raving lunatic.

But the inspector was prejudiced. Sergeant Sam Sibley had had quick promotion for showing flair and brilliance, whereas the inspector himself had risen slowly from uniformed constable to his present status—a man respected equally by his superiors and criminals, but in a dead end. He was patient and industrious, but he had never had a hunch in his life.

"Sergeant," he said, looking solemnly at Sibley's cheerful face, "before we go any further, let's get this clear. You're a well set up young fellow, muscular, with plenty of stamina, and I don't say that as a uniformed constable you might not have a future before you. But as a detective. . . ." He shook his head, and sighed. "No; it's not in you. A detective, Sibley, works by system, method, not by hunches, nor by slogans. It used to be *cherchez la femme*; now, apparently, it's *cherchez la chatte*."

"*Cherchez la chatte* it is, sir," said Sam Sibley doggedly. "This murder mystery may seem a little baffling to you at the moment, but it'll sort itself out——"

"I'm not relying on its sorting itself out," snapped the inspector. "I'm paid to sort it out myself, and if I'm not asking too much, will you please listen to me while I run through the known and agreed facts?"

Sibley folded his arms and stood with an alert expression, listening. He liked the inspector and he was sorry for him. The

Big black cats, small black cats, skittish black cats, sullen black cats: all the cats in the world seemed to be there—except the one that would help to hang a murderer

years must take their toll, and it could not be long before the inspector was put out to graze his days away. The poor old chap did not lack clues; his trouble was failure to recognize those he had.

"I'm listening," said Sam encouragingly.

"Very well, Sergeant. Now, this is a serious business, a wretched, sordid murder; but we're going to find whoever did it. Let's content ourselves with facts. Mrs. Ffolliott lies upstairs on that blood-drenched bed with her poor old white head battered in. Motive? Robbery—we know that; the state of the room, drawers pulled open, everything turned upside down. But after turning the tidy room into a junk shop the thief located the cashbox under the floorboards. Although obviously unintelligent, he must have read a book at some time, because he used rubber gloves and left no fingerprints, and used dusters on his boots and left no footprints. He left nothing in the way of a clue. Outside, he had parked a stolen car under the trees where courting couples often park and he got away in it with his spoils. He was seen by no one. We haven't a clue."

"Except the cat," said Detective-Sergeant Sibley.

"The cat's missing," retorted the inspector testily. "It bolted. It got scared. What on earth has the cat got to do with it? Do you think the cat battered the old woman and took the cashbox?"

"I don't," said Sam. "But, if we find the cat——"

"Find the cat?" responded the inspector violently. "I'll find the cat in two minutes."

He looked about him and then pointed to a pool of white paint on the otherwise spotless stone floor.

"You know how that got on the floor, Sergeant?"

"I do, Inspector. It dripped from the paintpot on the shelf just above it. I'd say the cat knocked it over."

"Quite so," agreed the inspector, "and if you look, my good fellow, you'll see that the cat has left paint paw prints. All we have to do to find that cat, or find how or where it went, is to follow the paw prints."

Detective-Sergeant Sibley uttered no cry of surprise; there was on the contrary an amused gleam in his baby blue eyes that annoyed the inspector.

"The paw prints disappear, sir," he said, gently.

"Disappear! They don't disappear. There's no magic in this. The Case of the Vanished Paw Prints. Pah! I'll tell you what happened, young fellow. The cat jumped. Cats do jump. And when they're airborne they leave no paw prints."

Out of the kindness of his heart and because he felt an obligation to give Sam Sibley a little training, Hawley took the trouble of looking for the continuation of the suspended paw prints. Humming a little tune to himself, he went to the kitchen mantelpiece, the dresser, a shelf, and every other high level within the cat's jumping range, including movables such as chairs.

He was always thorough. He started his search casually; he became keen and finally perplexed.

"Someone's rubbed them off," he frowned, stroking his chin.

"No sign of rubbing off," said Sam. "No, Inspector. The paw prints just vanish, but the cat didn't jump. It was picked up. It has vanished. In short, the murderer picked that cat up and took it out of the cottage with him."

He pointed his forefinger like a gun at the inspector, then stabbed the air with it.

"Took it out of the cottage. . . ? Rubbish," scoffed the inspector. "Why should he pick up a cat, a fellow in his state of jitters? You really do talk the most bewildering twaddle at times, Sibley. What a barmy thing for a murderer to do—saddle himself with a struggling cat, known to be the victim's by half the neighbourhood, at a moment when his only urgent desire is to melt into the landscape indistinguishably."

Sam brushed his moustache left and right, and bristled it. "You're forgetting that it was, and I hope is, a black cat, Inspector."

"Black? It could be Persian, Siamese for all the difference it would make—unless you mean it couldn't be seen in the darkness? But that's mere drivelling."

Sam's forefinger stabbed the air again. "It was a black cat, and it was about to cross his path. That scared him, because he was superstitious. It means bad luck in these parts. So he seized it up——"

"Strangled it, and threw it into a ditch."

"Not he—he was superstitious. He wouldn't have dared kill it."

"He killed the old woman didn't he?"

"Ah, but that wasn't unlucky."

"Oh, wasn't it?" asked the inspector nastily. "He'll find different when I get him—unless he doesn't consider hanging by the neck until he's dead unlucky."

Sam smiled faintly as a concession.

"When I say unlucky I refer to superstitious dread—walking under ladders and so on," he explained patiently. "This man was superstitious. I'm not just saying it, or inventing it. It isn't just a hunch. I can prove it."

Inspector Hawley looked at him with intense dislike.

"Prove it, then!"

"O.K., sir. Let's go upstairs to the scene of the crime."

With the air of a man who knows something—an item of compressed truth that will expand with the force of a bomb when given air—Sam led the way up the narrow creaking staircase of the old cottage to the room where the crime had been committed. He walked on air rather than on the stairs; the roseate dawn of his future seemed to have golden streaks of increasing brilliance. From the moment when as a young constable he had had the good fortune, speaking professionally, to find a man stabbed with a Persian knife in peculiar circumstances, he had not looked back. The Big Four had abandoned the case; he, by following up a hunch, had solved it.

This was another riddle to be solved.

"Now, Inspector," he said briskly, as they reached the bedroom. "Here's my proof."

He looked with distaste at the blood-stained sheet on the bed, stepped over an upturned chair, avoided a broken mirror, and then came to a halt pointing to a red-figured day-by-day tear-off calendar that hung on the wall over the victim's bed.

"Note the date," said Sam.

"The fourteenth." Hawley looked at him. "The day of the murder. Well?"

Sam picked up a screw of paper from the floor.

"I know what you've got there," sneered the inspector. "It's the figure thirteen torn off the calendar, screwed up and thrown away. So what?"

"So this," retorted Sam. "It was the murderer who threw it away."

"Proof?"

"Barring the cat, it was either the old lady or the murderer who threw it away, and the old lady was tidy to a fault. Look at the little wastepaper basket with the roses on it; look inside and you'll find the two previous dates, twelve and eleven, folded—yes, neatly folded. Mrs. Ffolliott couldn't have screwed up a bit of paper and thrown it on the floor even if it were her last minute on earth——"

"Which it was."

"And another thing," Sam went on heatedly. "Not all the dark red is printer's ink—the brown spot is blood, as you can see for yourself."

The inspector rasped his chin, dubiously.

"Even so——"

"We can reconstruct the scene," went on Sam, fluently. "The murderer, having killed the old girl—beg her pardon, old lady—sees the date on the calendar. It's just over the bed, and would be almost the first thing to see when he looks up. The thirteenth. It hits him like a blow; stops his heart nearly. Why? Because he's superstitious. It comes to him that he has done a dreadful thing—committed murder on the thirteenth, which would seem a lot more terrible to him than chopping up twelve people on the twelfth.

"But then he realizes he couldn't and wouldn't have done anything so crazy. He remembers the date isn't the thirteenth, but the fourteenth. So, coming up for air, so to speak, he snatches the figure thirteen off, viciously, as though the action gives him power over the mystic forces that the superstitious think govern the world, and throws it away. Temper! And temper makes criminals careless. But he's feeling better. He takes off his rubber gloves in case he is seen leaving the cottage, and not wanting to attract attention. All he has to do is walk out."

"Did you make all this up yourself? It's like something from the B.B.C.," sneered the inspector.

"But," continued Sam, unheeding, "blow me down, what happens then? With the rubber gloves tucked into his pocket he gets into the kitchen and a cat crosses his path. I'm wrong—it nearly crosses his path; only nearly, because, just in time, he snatches it up."

"And then?" asked the inspector, quizzically.

"He takes it out with him. He can't do anything else. It's got paint on its fur, and on the paint are his own fingerprints."

Sam looked at the inspector challengingly. The inspector accepted the challenge, unfolded his arms and spread them in exasperation.

"How do you *know* the cat had paint on it? How do you know the murderer hadn't his gloves on? You say so because it suits your story. It's all a hotch-potch of hunches, guesses and psychic bids. Well, my guess is as good as yours and maybe better. I guess he came into the kitchen and the cat crossed his path. Being what he is he took a running kick at it. The cat bolted, and probably at this minute is peering at us through the bushes goggling with fear and wondering how long it'll be before the milling mob clears away and it can return. That's my guess, but *I* know it's only a guess."

Sam rubbed his hands, satisfied.

"Quite so, and there's one simple way of proving whether your guess or mine is the right one: *cherchez la chatte*. Find the cat and we'll know if it has paint on it or not——"

"Find the cat——?"

But the inspector modified his somewhat hysterically rising voice because the cottage door had opened and a smart young uniformed constable entered, carrying some newspapers under his arm. He saluted the inspector, but he had the light of tactfully suppressed merriment in his eyes.

"The midday papers, sir," he said. "The superintendent wants you to see them because he seems a little uncertain as to the significance of the cat. The Press has put the cat story over in a big way."

He had a sly twitch to his mouth and the glimmer in his eyes made the inspector seize a paper and stare at it. He uttered a moan, whereupon Sam, too, seized a copy.

"We ought to get results from this, sir," Sam said eagerly, as he scanned first one paper, then another. "I must say the Press has played up well. Front page, and a photograph of the cat—or a cat, anyway, just to show the readers what they mean by c - a - t."

Normally, on the front page the inspector would have seen a photograph of himself in the act of entering or leaving the cottage; but there was not room for both and the cat had won. Its name, Nigger, was a headline. The inspector did not mind that; he did not begrudge the cat publicity. But he minded the news stories. They set him quivering with rage.

"Sibley; this is your doing. You've opened your trap. I warned you, but you've been talking to reporters. Now, you can see the result. They're making game of us. You know as well as I do that the superintendent made a somewhat unfortunate remark about the Press recently. This is the seed of resentment germinating."

Sam looked up from the paper, his eyes alight with enthusiasm.

"That isn't the way I look at it, sir."

"It wouldn't be."

"As I see it, Inspector, they're doing our work for us. They'll get the cat found. And what's more, the murderer won't be able to drown, bury or burn the cat without someone finding and reporting the corpse within a day. That's exactly what we want."

"Oh is it?" stormed the inspector, frothing slightly. "A dead cat hunt. Have you seen this cartoon of Sherlock Holmes hiding in the dustbin, lifting the lid to watch a black cat? It may be what you want, Sibley; it may be what the readers want. But it isn't what I want, and I'll bet my pension, which may be at stake anyway, that it isn't what the superintendent wants."

He grabbed his hat, made a sign to Sibley to accompany him, detailed a constable to guard the cottage, and then strode to the waiting police car which had brought the constable with the newspapers.

He was bound for the station and

ultimately to see the superintendent.

The local police station was in a state of uproar. The desk sergeant was on edge. The place was full of black cats. Others were on their way, as telephone callers had forewarned the desk sergeant. Reports on black cats seen acting suspiciously numbered a score. The post would certainly bring a shoal of letters.

"You're in your element now," said Inspector Hawley. "I'll leave you to it, Sibley."

He was unexpectedly calm and almost pleased. In fact, a load had been lifted from his mind, and when he saw Sam Sibley in the cell labelled "Cats" he hummed a tune.

"I'll leave it to you, Sibley," he purred. "Don't hurry. Better tabulate each cat's points; do the job thoroughly. I'll return to the cottage after lunch. If the cat comes back I'll let you know."

Sam thanked him absently and then sent a police car to fetch twelve-year-old Lil Gittings. She had been one of the cat's firmest friends, had known it in its kitten stage, had seen it grow up and knew its trials and tribulations. She could have written its biography and might do so yet for a Sunday newspaper.

In her best frock, hair brushed, shiny-faced, she arrived at the station and dismissed the entire identification parade of cats with scorn.

"Nigger has a sort of withered left ear; it was a blood blister," she explained.

She then gave a detailed description of Nigger and agreed to spend a few hours at the station examining all cats brought in. She had only just settled down to her work with a bag of toffees and a bottle of green liquid fitted with a straw when a message came from the inspector.

"Something doing back at the cottage, Sarge," said the constable. "Inspector wants you at once."

INSPECTOR HAWLEY was in the cottage garden when Sam arrived. He was smiling, affable, jaunty.

"Well, Sibley, the hunt is up. I don't want to score, but I am an older, more experienced man. The cat's here."

"It's here?" said Sam, "Came back of its own accord?"

"It's in the kitchen, lapping milk."

Sam Sibley charged into the kitchen. The brightness had gone from his eyes and his round face lengthened when he saw the cat. With the tidy cosiness of its kind, it was hunched with tail wrapped about it, drinking contentedly and apparently unaffected by the white paint on its fur.

"Any fingerprints on the paint?" asked Sam sharply.

"None. But there are marks of rubber gloves. I reckon we score fifty-fifty for guesses. But the cat is no clue at all. It tells us nothing. It was picked up by the murderer—wearing gloves. It bolted. In its own good time, it's come back."

The inspector pulled at a cheroot and let the blue smoke curl up gracefully. He had already decided to apply for Whately. Detective-Sergeant Whately was an excellent replacement for Sibley; sound, dogged, reliable. He had never had a hunch in his life.

Sam Sibley sat on the edge of a chair. He was studying the cat.

"Fortunately," the inspector said, chattily, "I have discovered that a certain Twisty Simons came out of jail three days before the murder. He made a savage attack on an old woman three years ago, and my guess is he didn't waste much time. But we'll have our hands on him by tomorrow night at latest."

"Twisty wasn't superstitious," said Sam.

"But darned unlucky, he'll find."

"It wasn't Twisty," said Sam irritably. "And what's more this isn't Nigger, the missing cat. It hasn't a withered ear, and other details don't fit the description. I can bring a witness to prove it. But you can see for yourself it's a fake."

He noticed the blank expression on the inspector's face. "Look at the paint. There's the pool on the floor—there's the paint on the cat's fur. Both are white; but white isn't just white. In his haste, or because he's just dim, the murderer didn't think of that. He just sploshed a brushful of any old white paint he could get on to the cat and thought we'd be mugs enough to be fooled. If criminals didn't think they were smarter than cops they'd give up."

He took a dip of paint from the tin on the shelf and dabbed it on to the cat's fur. The contrast of the shades was striking.

"Sibley, I think you're heading for a nervous breakdown," said Inspector Hawley, and hurled the butt of his cheroot into the kitchen grate. "What you're suggesting is that some clutter-brain has painted this cat and deposited it here as a pointless joke on the police. Why not accept the obvious truth?"

"What I'm suggesting, Inspector," retorted Sam, patiently, "is that we've got the murderer jittery. He wants to end this cat hunt before it ends in his own back room. The cat is hot. The heat's on; and he wants it to cool off before he can risk getting rid of the animal. And the best way would be to make us think we have got the cat back and so call the hunt off."

Inspector Hawley said nothing. He had just remembered that he was expecting news of the shadower of Twisty Simons at three o'clock.

"I leave you in entire charge of the cat hunt, Sibley," he said. "I'm still tracking down the murderer."

Sam hardly heard him go. He was thinking. The murderer had returned almost to the scene of his crime with the cat, and the most reasonable inference was that he could not be living far away.

Returning to the police station to collect Lil Gittings, he learned that she had rejected all cats submitted.

"They're even stealing 'em now," said the weary desk sergeant. "Some old gal dialled 999 to say she saw a suspicious-looking man stalking a black cat. He snatched it and dumped it in a sack but he hasn't showed up here yet."

"He won't," said Sam. "Did you get that woman's address? It's important. If the man merely wanted to bring us a cat he wouldn't have been furtive; I know the cat he stole—it's in Pear Tree Cottage now."

Half an hour later he was talking to the woman who had dialled 999. She lived on the London Road and spent much time at the window. Unfortunately, her powers of observation were limited and her description of the man worthless, except that he had not the lean lankiness of Twisty Simons. The cat belonged to the next house but one, and Sam persuaded the occupant to accompany him to Pear Tree Cottage.

"That's Dinky," she cried when she saw the cat asleep on the table. "But however did all that paint get on him? And how am I going to get it off?"

"That," said Sam, "is what is now driving a murderer almost silly. And it may not be a bad idea if we experiment ourselves."

When Inspector Hawley last saw him, that night, Sam was experimenting with paint removers. When Sam next saw the inspector, the following morning, a wooden-faced fellow named Whately accompanied him.

"Ah, Sibley, I think you've met Whately . . ." said the inspector. "While you're pursuing the riddle of the painted cat, Whately will be carrying on here with the murder mystery. Before you go, report to the superintendent. He most particularly wishes to see you. I said you could probably explain all the fuss about the cat—I can't."

THE superintendent his face unusually pale was rustling, sorting and scattering a mound of newspapers on his desk. And the glint in the super's eye told Sam the worst in advance.

"Sibley, the suggestion that you might have latent ability as a detective came originally from me——"

"Thank you, sir——"

"Don't thank me, commiserate with me, man. You have been tried and found wanting. I can only conclude your earlier success was based on a lucky guess. Your theory on this case is wild, improbable. You have made us look ridiculous, and as to your belief that the murderer had to keep the cat because he couldn't remove the paint, this letter in a newspaper blows it sky high."

He swung a paper round to Sam and pointed to the correspondence column at a letter signed "Chemist."

"I will quote from it . . ." said the superintendent viciously. "'It is ludicrous for the police to suppose that a modern criminal would not know how to remove paint and fingerprints from a cat's fur. Any schoolboy should know that sixpennyworth of tri-methyloxylate would do the trick instantly.'"

"Um," said Sam.

"Had you referred the matter to me, Sibley, I could have told you that," said the superintendent, "and all this confusion, ridicule and wasted effort could have been avoided. I am surprised that Inspector Hawley did not know. General knowledge should be part of every police officer's equipment. However——"

He broke off in order to answer the telephone. His expression was at first startled, and then blandly smiling.

"They've made the arrest," he said to Sam. "The flying squad have picked him up." Leaving the caller on the line, he spoke into his house telephone and asked for Inspector Hawley to be sent in. "A feather in his cap; we've got the Ffolliott murderer."

He spoke again to his first call and then glanced up as his office door opened and Inspector Hawley entered.

"I'll call back," said the superintendent into his phone and, springing up, held out his hand to the inspector and warmly clasped his arm as they shook hands. "Splendid work, Hawley. They picked him up in a chemist's shop . . . the chemist dialled 999 as instructed by the circular you sent out——"

Inspector Hawley's smile waned.

"Circular? What circular?" he asked.

SAM SIBLEY, having watched the performance, now took a folded slip of paper from his pocket and gave it to the superintendent.

"The circular in question, sir," he said. "I took the liberty of distributing it to all the chemists' shops in the area."

"What area?" asked the inspector. "And who told you to?"

"The area where the black cat was stolen. You put me in charge of finding the missing cat," said Sam with a boyish beam. "That circular instructed chemists to detain any customer asking for sixpennyworth or any quantity of tri-methyloxylate."

The superintendent snapped his fingers. The penny had dropped.

"Sergeant, I congratulate you. Irregular, but smart. You assumed rightly that the murderer would read the letter and go at once to buy some tri-methyloxylate?"

Inspector Hawley smiled a little sourly. "Splendid, Sibley. A neat trick. I think we owe a vote of thanks to the chemist who wrote the letter, though; without that there could have been no trick and no arrest."

Sam Sibley took the liberty of winking and unfolded another sheet of paper, his baby blue eyes dancing with glee.

"That's why I wrote the letter and signed it 'Chemist,'" he said. "Here's my original draft of it. Of course, as you gentlemen need no telling, there is no such substance as tri-methyloxylate: that's what made the arrest a certainty."

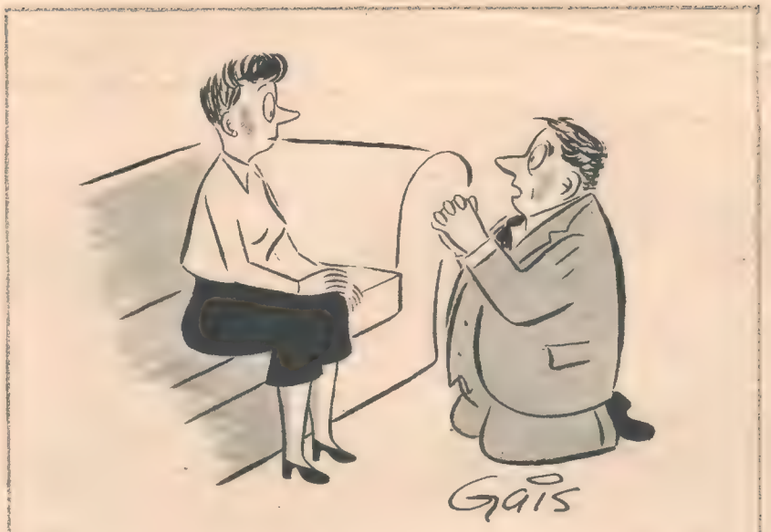
Half an hour later he was fondling the black cat, Nigger; delicately because the fingerprints on the paint-marred fur were wanted in evidence. . . .

And a few weeks later, the murderer, pausing in his cell-pacing, turned savagely on Detective-Sergeant Sibley.

"From the moment I bashed the old girl something seemed to tell me it was bad luck. Why didn't I kill the cat? I must have been barmy. But sock me, when I get out after this lot I'm going to kill every black cat I see."

He had previously served two sentences for robbery with violence and he reckoned third time would be lucky.

"When you get out?" said Sam "I think you've forgotten something. There'll be twelve on the jury, and with one judge that'll make thirteen—your unlucky number."



"Now that you've turned me down, would you mind helping me up?"

King of the dance halls

by RICHARD COLLIER

Afternoons you can look on free at Streatham Locarno. "Today's spectators are tomorrow's dancers," says Heimann

His ambition is to make visits a family affair. His troubles range from laying giant floors to calming awkward customers

CARL HEIMANN, A SAUVE, soft-spoken Dane of fifty-four—known among show people as King of the Dance—recently visited one of the twelve lavishly furnished British dance halls which constitute his kingdom. He was accosted by an anxious father.

"It's about my daughter," the man began. Heimann, who has for more than twenty years striven to persuade parents that his dance halls are not gilded temples of vice, waited in some apprehension. To his relief, the father went on to explain that his daughter, already in her late twenties, moped around the house, wouldn't look at boys, and didn't seem to know what to do with herself.

"I think the real root of her trouble," he concluded, "is that she's never set foot in a dance hall. If you wouldn't mind asking your management to keep an eye on her, I'm going to start sending her along here regularly from now on. In my belief, it's her one hope of getting married."

Discreet Matchmaking

That kind of problem is not so far removed from a dance hall director's routine as some people might imagine. Heimann's halls are staffed by thirty-five bands and more than a thousand workers, which means his administrative duties are not light—but a little discreet match-making, together with preserving a "family" atmosphere and making sure everything is conducted with strict decorum, are equally important facets of the business.

This policy grossed Heimann and his partners a profit of some £50,000 last year. But Heimann's worries only begin at this point.

"To predict the public's reaction to a new band, a new number or even a new dance hall," he says, "is a job more suited to a crystal gazer than a showman." On more than one occation, the most luxurious dance hall that could be devised has opened to a grand flourish of trumpets, only to meet with a completely flat reception.

A few years before the war, for example, when the Grand Casino, Birmingham, had been converted at considerable expense from an old cinema into a dance hall, it failed to make anything like the hit the experts had forecast. Larry Kirsch, one of Heimann's deputies, was on the spot at the time. "For a good twelve months," he recalls, "we opened up every night with all the lights blazing and the band playing a quickstep. We hardly did enough business to pay the staff's wages.

"Then one night I decided the bright lights and noise were making the customers feel self-conscious. We had all the lights turned down low. The band played a waltz. The place has been a success ever since."

Bad Old Days

When Heimann came into the business more than twenty years ago the story of British dance halls had been one of generally unrelieved gloom. At that time, the more exclusive halls, charging anything up to 3s. 6d. admission, were patronized almost entirely by dancers of Gold Medal standard. For those who wanted no more than a little pleasant exercise at a reasonable price, there were only the "shilling hops" in dubious and underlit halls.

Heimann himself had never entered a dance hall in his life until he was in his late twenties. He still cannot dance a step. As an orphan of fifteen in his native Copenhagen, he was too busy "looking for somewhere to eat. Like most kids," he says, "I looked west."

His vision brought him as far as England, where he washed dishes in a Surbiton boarding-house at 5s. a week; later, though still as a dishwasher, he visited France and Africa. Eventually he managed to scrape together enough money to buy a small café in Coventry. Later he became catering supervisor to a chain of London restaurants.

A chance visit to the prewar Café de Paris, where playboys and their girls dined and danced in sumptuous surroundings, finally gave him the inspiration that was to make him, in course of time, probably the biggest dance hall promoter in the world, with a chain of dance halls (admission 1s. a head) where people could eat and drink in comfort, but at popular prices.

The new-style dance hall, he decided, should be entirely different from the garish and cheerless monstrosities of the past.

There must be running buffets, hot food counters and soda fountains. The balcony, to which patrons had previously been obliged to pay an entrance fee, should be free of charge: today's spectators would be tomorrow's dancers. "Name" bands would be out. Too often, when they left a dance hall, they lured away the public as well. And, to keep the fun fast and furious, dancing would be non-stop.

Heimann made the old-style "bouncer" (normally on tap to deal with the Saturday night drunks) a thing of the past, because he decided, his presence often provoked more trouble than it stilled. Girl usherettes fitted in better with his new plans. Parents would be encouraged to bring their children, and everyone could join in "party dances" like *The Chestnut Tree* in an atmosphere containing no hint of rowdyism.

Drove Big Spenders Away

His initial venture, at Sherry's, Brighton, in 1928, was at first only a qualified success. The merest hint of "prices within the reach of all" drove most of the former big-spending patrons away.

Heimann's main consolation at this time was that since dance halls were almost universally regarded as money losers, they could be purchased for a fairly reasonable price. He bought the Ritz at Manchester and the Locarno at Streatham.

With the war came many changes. Youth had more leisure at its disposal, and, in many cases, less restriction on how it spent its time and money. Parents began to realize that an evening might be better spent at a reputable *palais-de-danse* than in roaming the streets with chance companions.

By the war's end, Heimann, now the owner of such properties as the Palais at Edinburgh, the Locarno at Glasgow, and the Plaza, Belfast, estimated that

Carl Heimann (centre): from 5s. a week dish washing to £50,000 profit a year

15,000,000 people were visiting Britain's thirty leading dance halls every year, 8,000,000 of them being his own customers. Dancing had become respectable. It had also become a £40,000,000-a-year industry.

At the same time, most dance hall directors are now faced with overheads twice as heavy as existed prior to the war. To buy up a building large enough to be used as a dance hall—with a capacity of anything up to 3,000 people—may today cost upwards of £100,000, but, in the case of a former cinema, like the Palais, at Ilford, at least another £120,000 might be needed to refurbish it.

To lay the floor alone—which should be best Canadian maple, but more often than not nowadays is walnut and oak—may cost as much as £50,000. Whereas a maple floor will last as long as ten years, other types of floor may need replacing in two or three.

When The Floor "Moved"

When a replacement problem arises, the dance hall director must cope as best he can, according to his means. When Heimann relinquished the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, immediately after the war, for instance, the entire floor was transported to the nearby Lyceum overnight. It was first reinforced underneath by the tops of some 350 steel tables that Heimann had bought up at an auction.

Many dance halls make do with only one band, but Heimann's objection to long intervals between dances means that two bands now work for him in each of his halls at every dance.

Each band leader is paid about £50 a week, plus a guaranteed minimum of £10 for every one of his musicians. Both bands are uniformed (another £80) and must have their music covered by a fee (approximately £300 a year) to the Performing Rights Society and make their entrances and their exits on a specially installed revolving stage (a further £1,000).

With the fine timing that this kind of organization demands, many of the carefree ways that characterized the early days of the dance halls have gone by the board. Dapper little Ivor Kirchen, one of Heimann's best band leaders for nearly twenty years, recalls one occasion when the manager of the dance hall where he was playing was sufficiently full of *joie de vivre* to "rig" the revolving stage, so that Kirchin and his band were whirled off half-way through a number. Unfortunately, the star band of the evening, occupying the other half of the stage, were whirled on in their shirt-sleeves, eating sausage rolls.

Nowadays, few dance hall directors or their staffs have time to participate in pranks like that. A man like Wally Green, for instance, who manages the Locarno at Streatham Hill, often works a fourteen-hour day, and supervises a staff of more than a hundred.

Even the cleaning of the dance floor—swept every day and polished every other day—must be done, Wally explains, under the manager's personal supervision. The attraction of a hall rests as much in the "speed" of its floor as in the splendour of its décor.

Sometimes the patrons themselves present a problem. Once an embittered swain, feeling that his girl friend was visiting the local dance hall too frequently with his rival, threw a smoke bomb at them and cleared the floor.

On another occasion two rival football teams came to blows. The manager restored order by having the band play the National Anthem. When the police arrived each faction was still standing rigidly to attention.

Catholics Walked Out

Music is usually the least of a dance hall's problems. Most dancers prefer sweet melodies with a regular beat, and Heimann's bands have orders to play accordingly. But one dance hall, which quite innocently introduced "Silent Night, Holy Night" as its "Last Waltz," ran into trouble even there. Promptly, every Catholic in the hall walked out, later to canvass vigorously for the revocation of the dance hall's licence.

Heimann also has to contend with the problem of Sunday dancing. Though this is officially ruled out by the provisions of the Sunday Observance Act, 1780, most dance halls surmount this problem by organizing private Sunday dancing clubs. Streatham, for instance, has a total membership of over 9,000. But on one occasion Heimann found trouble even here.

This was in connection with an individual who ran a flourishing informer's business, estimated to make as much as £2,000 a year. His speciality was to infiltrate himself or his agents into private Sunday gatherings. He would thereafter serve a writ on the authority concerned—always accompanied by a stock letter claiming that this had been a show open to the public and that "his religious susceptibilities had been affronted."

This type of case, if proven in the High Court, carries not only a penalty of £200, but obviously tends to prejudice, at a later date, the renewal of the licence. The informer, however, always made it quite clear that he was prepared to compromise for £100—which may seem like compounding an offence but is, in fact, perfectly legal.

The first two times this happened, Heimann, acknowledging negligence on the part of his staff, duly paid up and heard no more about it. Not long ago, however, he was confronted with a similar writ, plus a letter which seemed to carry a sting in its tail.

"I have recently trained my wife to this business," the informer wrote, "and I cannot answer for *her* conscience in this matter." Heimann on this occasion decided to fight the matter in court.

Keeping The Dancers Happy

Even that problem pales beside the ever-present one which faces Heimann fifty-two weeks of every year: how to keep eight million customers happy and asking for more. Even strict tempo dancing tends to pall after a time. Accordingly Heimann has decreed that every night of the dancing week shall be identified with a different feature.

Monday is "Free Gift" night, when every patron is presented with, say, a free tube of tooth-paste or a bottle of tomato-sauce. Thursday is competition night, when contests are organized to uncover such diverse talents as the girl with the most beautiful smile, or the man who can best recite "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

Even here, local susceptibilities have to be taken into account. One dance hall recently found itself in hot water for organizing a competition to find the man with most hairs on his chest. The sponsors of a "meet your man" dance had to call the whole thing off at the last moment. It was found to be illegal to engage a palmist to advise the girls as to who would make the best partner for life.

Heimann claims that even marriage does not break the chains that have been forged between the dance halls and the younger generation. Recently, an incident cropped up to justify this.

It occurred when a young couple who had met, become engaged and had their wedding while still patrons of Streatham Locarno, decided to go a stage further and hold their wedding reception in the dance hall itself. Just before the end of the ceremony the young groom approached manager Wally Green.

"Since we met here and had the reception here," he said, "we might as well go the whole hog. Do you think there's any chance of booking a room for a christening party in about a year's time?"

TORIES' ELECTION SALESMAN

Continued from page 9

Conservative candidates have *not* the advantages, or possibly disadvantages, of a public school education.

Making known the policy of the party is one of the Central Office's major tasks and Woolton has departmentalized his publicity staff into branches dealing with Press, radio, films, posters, public meetings and special literature. Another section deals with speakers, speeches, hecklers and questions. There is even a production department which, in the last six months of 1949, achieved an output of eight million pamphlets.

The launching of important pronouncements like *The Right Road for Britain* is done with considerable fanfare, arranged by the Central Office. Mr. Churchill introduced this policy statement at Wolverhampton last July at a time considered ideal after the strategists had considered the weather, the location, and the period that was likely to elapse before an election.

Films expressing the party's point of view are shown at indoor meetings, or with the aid of eleven daylight film vans which can be dispatched to rallies. The titles include *When the Wheels Slow Down*, dealing with nationalisation of transport, *Broken Pledges*, and *Who Voted For This?*

At a London preview, *Who Voted For This?* flashed on the screen after the audience had been treated to a three-minute view of Anthony Eden. It was later explained that there was no connection between the party's deputy leader and the title of the film.

This Month's Challenge

When the election date was announced, Central Office stepped up its tempo and increased its staff, which even at the quietest times includes a large percentage of volunteers. Among the most valuable of these are people home on leave from the colonies who find time heavy on their hands.

Among the volunteers not employed is the veteran who invaded Central Office singing the National Anthem and brandishing a Union Jack. He predicted defeat for the Tories unless they bought and consulted an almanac he had with him.

Increased activity at Central Office meant the adoption of shift work (nine to six, three to midnight and midnight until nine). Printers were alerted for the publication of the election programme. This document was written by the leaders of the party. Central Office had only to worry about production and distribution.

While tension mounted in Central Office, the least excited was Lord Woolton. When he took the job in 1946 he declared his belief that elections are no longer won in the month before polling day. He has built up party membership to two and a half million (more than double the 1945 figure) with 160,000 Young Conservatives (4,000, four years ago).

He also has a million pound political machine which has had one taste of success, in council elections last spring, and an unlimited appetite for more.

An article on the Labour Party's election machine will appear in John Bull on Feb. 18

A FOREST OF EYES

by VICTOR CANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDER OLIPHANT

That evening, the signal came. Hudson knew a dangerous night lay ahead of him. Unaware of the fatal letter, he didn't know just how dangerous

RAIKES WAS A British agent—a secret service man. The truth was a shock for Robert Hudson. It took time to sink in. But when he came to think over the last few days, odd, unimportant little incidents seemed to add up. Raikes's choice of Dubrovnik for a holiday, when their business negotiations in Belgrade were held up; his interest in the nearby island of Lokrum. . . .

It was the second shock for Hudson within a few days. The first had been when the shattered body wearing Raikes's wrist watch had been found on the beach near an exploded land mine.

The body, as Hudson now knew, was that of Luca, a local fisherman. Raikes had seized the opportunity to go underground on the island, fearing that O.Z.N.A., the Jugoslav Secret Police, had got wind of his real mission—planning the escape of an international spy. Now, Raikes wanted Hudson's help in contacting the spy. All he knew about him was that he was staying at Hudson's hotel.

Raikes was being looked after on the island by Yelitsa, wife of the dead man's brother, Tulio. When the escape was planned, she, Tulio, and the head of the family, Sandro, would sail the spy to Italy. But Yelitsa didn't want to go to Italy. She had secretly loved the dead man, and wanted revenge for his death.

Raikes's hunch that it was time for him to disappear was soon justified. Milo Lepovitch, a lean, cold-blooded young political careerist was sent from Belgrade to assist the local chief of police, Vladimir Zarko, an affable, easy-going, but shrewd type.

Bitter rivalry broke out between the two men, but Lepovitch scored the first point by his discovery that the dead body was not Raikes's.

Hudson, faced this problem: someone in the hotel was "Mr. X." But who?

There was Colonel Grol, a flamboyant high-up in the army, who, though a personal friend of Tito, had no inhibitions about voicing his unorthodox political opinions. Grol was friendly with Franja Pazan, a blonde singer with whom Hudson had struck up an uncertain friendship.

There was Dr. Brussiack, a phlegmatic Macedonian wine expert. There was a dreamy honeymoon couple. There were the Ranskos and their two children, the youngest of whom, mischievous young Madeo, got Hudson to draw pictures for him, which he would then show the other guests.

There was a workman who seemed to owe his holiday to a high-production bonus. And, besides, there was the hotel staff.

Which was "Mr. X"?

Hudson didn't know. Neither did Zarko who, however, took Hudson's passport away and told him he was being watched.

Franja was angry now. She said: "You want me to spy on him?" Zarko said: "It's an ugly phrase. No. Just tell me what you talk about"

Meanwhile, Yelitsa, brooding over her revenge, had reached a decision. She sat down and composed an anonymous letter to Zarko. "The Englishman," she wrote, "is hiding in Lokrum, in a hut at the north end."

PART III

A Swim With Franja

HUDSON and Franja spent the afternoon together on the town beach, a narrow curve of sand below the coast road where it ran out from the Ploce Gate.

The beach was divided into a reserved section, served by a bathing establishment and a café, and a small charge was made for entrance; the other part of the beach was free.

Hudson noticed as he lay on the sand with Franja that his follower had gone into the free section and was sitting with his jacket and shoes off, casting an occasional glance at the privileged classes on the other side of the wire fence.

Before Franja's arrival he had debated whether he should tell her that he was being followed, and give her the chance to withdraw from the meeting. But when he saw her, she had so obviously decided to enjoy herself that he had no heart to spoil her pleasure.

They swam, lay in the sunshine and talked, and he found himself in the presence of quite a different personality. She was friendly, gay, and with a quick, natural enthusiasm. He liked the boyish directness with which she treated him, getting up after saying "It's too hot—I'm going to swim," and running to the sea without a glance to see whether he was following.

He did follow the slim, well-formed figure in its green bathing dress, and they swam out to the raft. By the time they had walked back to the hotel and had their tea, a quick friendliness existed between them.

As she left him, she said: "Well, if Comrade Zarko calls me to his office and tells me I'm being too friendly—at least he can't take away this afternoon. I've enjoyed myself."

"Do you think he will?"

She nodded. "Someone will tell him. This town is full of eyes and mouths and ears. But I don't care. Now I must hurry or I shall be late for the orchestra."

She was gone, her white skirt swinging, and Hudson found himself holding down a moment of savageness that such simple pleasure must be taken only in a spirit of rebellion.

LATER, before dinner, he was still thinking about her when he went down to the palm walk to smoke a cigarette in the cool and to keep an eye open for a possible signal from Raikes. He found Dr. Brussiack sitting on the low wall of the palm garden overlooking the swimming place.

Brussiack looked around as he heard the slap of Hudson's loose sandals across the concrete path. The end of his cigarette glowed suddenly as he drew at it and the pale circle of his face was held for a moment against the shadows, the thick lenses of his glasses circled momentarily with a red reflection. Then as the glow subsided he was a hunched patch of darkness lined against the ripple-edged spread of the sea below. As Hudson passed him the man spoke in English.

"Mr. Hudson. May I speak with you?"

Hudson lit his cigarette before answering. Outside the hotel he was being watched, but Zarko would not ignore his life here, and that afternoon he had decided that either one of the guests or the servants would have been given the job. Momentarily he considered Dr. Brussiack in the rôle.

"Certainly."

"Forgive me . . . but I have a favour to ask you." There was a note of embarrassment in the man's voice.

"If I can help you——"

"At lunch today, you were reading a book. As I passed your table I saw what it was. I would. . . ." The voice was hesitant. "I would very much like to borrow it, only for a little while."

Hudson laughed gently. "But of course. Are you so fond of Keats?"

The little hunched figure stirred.

"Very. But it is so hard to get English books now, and my own copy . . . I have lost somewhere long ago."

"I shouldn't have thought that he

was your poet. A man who could say:

"Hence Burgundy, Claret and Port;
Away with old Hock and
Madeira——?"

Brussiack laughed, a low, guarded sound. "Poets are seldom good judges of wine, Mr. Hudson."

"I'll bring it along to your room sometime."

"No, no, Mr. Hudson. Please do not do that. You understand. If you would just leave it on your table, say at dinner tonight, I would pick it up when you are gone." With the embarrassment was now a note of apology for a state of affairs which needed no explanation between them.

"I understand. I'll leave it for you." Even as he spoke the man had slid off the wall and was moving slowly away.

Hudson felt his anger rising again. . . . And then his anger was gone. For all he knew, this might not have been merely a simple favour. Someone in this hotel wanted to escape, someone in this hotel would be watching him. And who could tell which was which?

He sat on, smoking in the darkness. Near the island he heard the familiar, dulled sounds from the waiting fleet of boats and after a while the bow flares broke into life, but no signal came to him and finally he went up to the hotel.

Before going down to dinner, he picked up the volume of Keats's poems. As he locked the door of his room he wondered how long it would be before his room would be searched. Perhaps it already had been.

Joseph brought him his soup and as he ate he watched the other diners over the top of the poems propped against the water-jug.

Colonel Grol was dining with some civilian guests from the town; the honeymoon couple were holding hands under the table as they waited for their fish; the severe-faced man in the white cap was picking his teeth; Brussiack was grunting at his book, and at the Ransko table Madeo had just upset a glass of water over his father's knees.

Each table was a little island in the leaf-hung delta of the terrace, and there was no communication between them except the smooth black-and-white traffic of the impersonal waiters.

As he drank his coffee, Madeo swivelled in his chair and eyed him solemnly. Deliberately Hudson winked at Madeo and then made a ferocious face. Madeo exploded into sound and movement. He gave a high crow of delight and wriggled from his chair swiftly. Before his father's hand could reach him he was trotting towards Hudson. He halted at the table, legs apart.

"Again."

Hudson shook his head.

"Your turn."

Madeo's eyes widened. Then he screwed up his face into a tight crinkled mask and stuck out his tongue.

"Madeo!"

Madeo was lifted by the slack of his rompers and carried off by his father, who gave Hudson an angry glance.

Later, as the Ransko family moved back into the hotel, the father came over to Hudson.

He stood by the table, a thin, wispy creature, nervous but resolute, his Adam's apple moving slowly against the goose-flesh of his long neck as he induced the effort to speak.

"Madeo is a difficult child. It would please me if you did not encourage him."

"I'm sorry." Hudson knew why the man had forced himself to protest. "I promise not to wink or make funny faces."

"Thank you." Ransko gave a stiff nod and turned away.

A little later, when he rose to go to his room, Hudson left the book of poems on his table. At the terrace door Joseph stood in his customary position watching the tables. Hudson gave him good night, and as the waiter returned the salute he smiled and added, his dark eyes watching Hudson curiously: "Happy is he that is happy in his children."

"You're a philosopher as well as a magician, Joseph."

"The two qualifications of a good waiter, monsieur."

Up in his room Hudson lit a cigarette and went out on to the balcony. The night was cool and pleasant. On the seaward side of Lokrum the twin searchlight beams played gently over the sea. From the terraced gardens below rose the scent of night flowers and above the dark patches of oleanders and azaleas a thin drift of fire-flies hovered, winking and flashing in a slow rise and fall.

Away to the left, where the headland ran out to the sea, the land was studded with a dull ochre of house lights, and a few gardens away a pale blue radiance rose from the coloured glass dome of a villa framed by the dark arabesques of pine trees.

It was a lovely country, but there was a shadow over most of the people. They had fought for this country; but Hudson felt that their victory had not brought them the freedom which they had hoped for. How many, he wondered, shared the belief of Zarko, how many paid lip service and waited?

LEPOVITCH was still angry. And he knew that the anger was not entirely the result of disagreement with Zarko over policy. Zarko had told him that afternoon of the approach he had made to Hudson. It was something he would never have done himself and his first reaction had been anger.

Now he was beginning to understand the real cause of his discomfort. Zarko was not as stupid as he had imagined, and his action had indicated a confidence which, he felt, might reach back to some foundation of certainty in his position which demanded more caution in dealing with the man.

Zarko's sureness could only mean that Zarko probably had friends in authority who would back him, might mean in fact that he was receiving orders quite independently of Lepovitch. Handling this possibility made the composition of his report more difficult. He typed slowly, assessing the weight and discretion of each paragraph.

Zarko's line of approach, which at first may seem unusual, has certain advantages, although I am not sure it is the course I would have taken.

If Hudson is innocent, and we had watched him and he had discovered this, he would have had cause for annoyance which might have affected the successful completion of his commercial mission. We have been frank with him, and he has accepted this with a reasonableness which may be a cover for anything.

If he is guilty we gain the shock value of laying our cards before him, and making him take elaborate precautions which may hinder his plans, or cause him to change them. To change a plan in the middle of an operation, as necessarily detailed as this one must be, means inefficiency and weakness somewhere. It is for this that we wait.

Whenever Hudson leaves the hotel he is watched. A complete cover in the hotel has also been arranged. This morning I searched his room but I learned nothing from it of importance.

So far we have no lead on Raikes or the person he is supposed to contact here. . . .

He pushed the portable typewriter away, slipping back in his chair and staring out of the window. He had been circumspect. Whatever happened now, he could cover himself.

Later that afternoon, Zarko was talking to Franja Pazan. The friendliness in his voice was quite genuine.

"I'm not ordering you to do anything, Mademoiselle. This is a request which the Republic has a right to make of any citizen." He paused, eyeing her for a moment with a gentle lift of one brow, humour wreathing his large mouth, and his tongue travelled caressingly along the inner line of his upper lip.

It was a pleasure to have her in his office, lying back in the deep leather chair, not relaxed, but reserved, holding to herself some comment which he knew would never be released to him.

"After all," he said, "I gather that you do not find his company exactly . . . repulsive."

Franja sat forward in the chair, resting her arms on the padded leather and holding her hands together, for she knew that parted they would tremble. It was no good telling herself to be calm, that it meant nothing, that she had done nothing. When his note had been delivered asking her to call, she had felt the spirit drain from her.

"Was it arranged then—because of this—that I should meet him at lunch with Colonel Grol?"

Zarko shook his head. Few other women in her place would have put the question. He admired her for it, while he regretted the intransigence which it offered to authority, an intransigence unmerited in this instance.

"No, Mademoiselle—believe me—if any arrangement had been made then circumstances and yourself have made it."

"What has he done?" Franja asked the question quietly, her eyes following the line of the peasant design on the rug.

"Nothing."

"Then why?"

Zarko leant forward and put a hand on her shoulder.

He felt the stiffness of her flesh muscles draw back into themselves. He felt suddenly sorry for her then and moved gently back.

Relax," he said quietly. "You've done nothing wrong, and I'm not asking you to do anything wrong. I shall be frank with you. Our country is young. It has many enemies. Any foreigner in this country is a subject of speculation. Personally, I like Mr. Hudson and I think he is innocent. But I should be a fool if I left it at that."

Franja gripped her hands tightly. She was angry now, and the anger gave her a calmness which steadied her and deceived Zarko. She liked Hudson and she had been happy with him, and his quick sympathy had awakened in her a romantic wishfulness which, in the quiet of her room, comforted her with girlish fancies.

"You want me to spy on him." Her anger left her voice untouched.

"It's an ugly phrase. No. I want you to go on as you would wish to with him. Now and again you can come in here and tell me what you talk about. That's all. But, of course"—he turned back to his desk, speaking without looking at her, for now he felt uneasy at the need for this shabby stratagem—"if he ever says or does anything which makes you suspicious, then it is

Zarko said: "Madame Androsh, we are looking for a man who has escaped

l from Lokrum." The two guards moved up on either side of him. Behind, Hudson waited. It was all up now, he thought

your duty to inform me. That is always the duty of every good comrade."

"Of course."

"But I hope the occasion will never arise. However," he came back now, smiling at her and his hand went to her elbow, making with her towards the door, "I am very grateful to you for your sensible attitude. There is one thing, though."

"Yes." Franja waited, unwilling now to trust herself to words, knowing that if she began to speak she might show her contempt and anger.

"Mr. Hudson may wonder at your freedom to be friendly. If so, you can say that, since Colonel Grol introduced you, you feel free to do as you wish. Mr. Hudson is a very intelligent person. He may even ask you if such an interview as this took place. I don't want Mr. Hudson, or anyone else, to know that you have spoken to me."

"I understand."

Outside, by herself in the passage, Franja paused. Her lips were set tightly, holding the tears which rose from disgust for what she had to do and regret for the shadow cast over her brief happiness.

HUDSON paused at the top of the shallow steps leading to the dark arch of Sveti Jacov. Through the open door came the pungent smell of incense and in the far gloom he saw the glitter of the altar ornaments.

He looked back across the wide street and saw that the man who had been following him all morning was standing at a house corner studying a printed notice on the wall. He was a plump, mild-featured man who had followed him with the apologetic air of a spaniel, forbidden to come on the walk, yet lurking always a little way behind.

Hudson went into the church, turned abruptly into the nearest side chapel and waited.

After a few moments the man came in, moved hesitantly down the aisle as his eyes went round the church, then seeing Hudson, dropped quietly on to a chair by one of the main pillars and sat forward with his head half-bowed, his eyes shut in an attitude of prayer.

Hudson came out of the chapel and moved towards the altar. An attendant came up and offered to show him around but he shook his head. He moved behind the altar into the choir stalls and there found what he wanted.

He sat down, took out his sketch book, and began to make a precise drawing of the carved motif that ran along the front of the stalls.

Once or twice he looked back at the man, an apathetic figure framed between the altar rails. When he had finished he stood up and was about to move back into the main transept when his eye was caught by a small door set in the thick buttress of wall behind the choir stalls.

He moved over to it and, glancing up the wall, saw a series of thin window slots. He gave the door a push and it swung half open. The man still sat in his chair, his head a little lower, and Hudson guessed that the coolness of the church after the heat outside had lulled him to sleep.

With a smile he slipped inside the door and made his way up the narrow curving stairs which, he guessed, led to the belfry. Half-way up he paused and looked down into the church from one of the window slots. The man was still sitting, but as Hudson watched he raised his head, blinked his eyes and realized he had been sleeping.

He stood up and with a worried expression came forward towards the choir stalls, passing out of Hudson's view. For a moment Hudson waited and then he saw the man come back into view and then hurry towards the main door and disappear.

Hudson went up into the belfry. He came out under the great bell, in a little tower which gave him a view of the sloping town below. To his right the roofs of the houses on the rising slope abutted on to the church, leaning and crowding against it for company and support. A few feet below the level of the belfry the sharp spine of a roof ran away to the blank wall of a building which dominated the slope.

He recognized the old palace in which the People's Militia had its headquarters, and above the pent of the roof where it met the palace wall he found himself looking at the outside of a small window which he recognized as the window to Zarko's room.

His follower was in the street as he came out. He was looking down the street, his back to Hudson and the temptation was too much. Hudson gave a low whistle and the man turned. The relief on his face was unmistakable. Hudson smiled as he passed.

"What would happen if I told Comrade Zarko you went to sleep on the job?"

The man, unsure whether he was serious or joking, stared after him stupidly.

THAT evening the signal came from Sandro. Hudson was sitting taking his dinner on the terrace when he saw it. He watched the bow flares of the sardine fleet come to life and then, after a few moments, he saw the light of the boat nearest the mainland go out three times.

Hudson finished his dinner without hurry and went up to his room. So far he had not discovered who might be watching him in the hotel. The receptionist, he felt sure, would have had instructions to mark his comings and goings, but the man's position prevented him from watching him about the hotel grounds. There was a young boy of about sixteen who moved about the hotel in dark trousers and a white jacket and seemed to combine the duties of errand boy, kitchen boy and general assistant to the waiters.

Once or twice in the gardens Hudson had seen him busy feeding the caged rabbits, pulling lettuce or tidying a flower bed.

He slipped off his clothes and put on a bathing slip. Then he pulled on his clothes over them and went slowly down to the terrace again. He had dined early and some of the guests were still eating.

He crossed the terrace and dropped down the angled step flights to the gardens below. Above the bathing place was a terrace, broader than all the others. Its flower beds were studded with small cactus and great pads of geraniums, and it was dark from the overhang of the palms and a few tall pines which rose from its gravelled surface.

Hudson went slowly to the far end of the walk and sat on the wall overlooking the rocks. From below the wall a tall agave thrust its stiff candelabra ten feet into the air and around its base he could see the pale flicker of the long, pointed tongues of its leaves.

He lit a cigarette and considered his situation. He had no intention of letting anyone know that he was going to bathe. By slipping over the wall he could move in the shadowed security of the rocks to the foot of the garden of the adjoining villa. He had never seen any movement in the overgrown grounds and he felt he would be safe from observation there.

Before he had half finished his cigarette, he saw the white patch of the boy's coat. He came down the last flight of steps hesitantly, then moved across to the wall at the far end of the walk.

Hudson held his cigarette cupped in his hand and watched him.

The boy looked over the wall and then came gently along its length towards Hudson sitting quietly in the shadows. Hudson waited until the boy was a yard from him, and then said suddenly: "What are you looking for?"

The boy swung round, startled, and then laughed nervously.

"Oh—I beg your pardon. . . ."

"What are you looking for?"

"Madame Sumitch thought she might have left her bag on the wall this afternoon. She sent me down to look. Has monsieur seen it by chance?" The voice was controlled, innocent.

"No."

The boy thanked him and went away. Hudson watched him go up the steps. He sat for fifteen minutes, and then he slipped quietly over the wall and made his way along the rocks. Fifty yards away he paused in the shade of a great fuchsia bush that sprawled over the garden wall of the next villa. He waited again for a while, watching the pale line of the distant wall, but there was no

apparent movement to be seen from it.

Swiftly he undressed, rolled his clothes into a bundle and thrust them into the heart of the fuchsia bush. Then, keeping in the cover of the rocks, he dropped down into the warm water of a little gulf that ran in to the steps at the bottom of the garden. He porpoised gently and swam out, keeping under as long as he could.

TWENTY minutes later he was sitting with Raikes's raincoat about his shoulders in the triangular shadow of the hut.

"Let's sit out here. I'm getting tired of the inside of that place." Raikes put a glass of rum in Hudson's hands and with a shrug of his shoulders added: "Better not smoke."

Hudson drained his glass before he spoke. It was hard to see Raikes in the dim light but he had the impression that the man was nervous.

"I mustn't stay long. They're watching me. They know you're not dead, too."

"They do?" Raikes was still a shadow, merged against the haphazard shadows of the surrounding bushes. "How?"

"I don't know. Your friend Zarko told me."

He heard Raikes breathe gently, and then his voice, free of nervousness, went on: "All right. I'm sorry about it for you, but you can carry it. As long as they don't know where I am it alters nothing and this is the last time you need come. Everything's arranged."

Raikes was making it sound easy, but Hudson felt uncertain with him. He wanted his instructions and to be on his own again.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Take the message to the hotel. I'm going to give you something which will be recognized and prove that you're genuine. All you need do is wait for him to come to you."

"Him?"

"I know that much. When he makes himself known, tell him the plan. Then you can forget the whole thing."

"Tell me what to say and then——"

But Raikes held Hudson's arm. He whispered urgently: "Quiet."

The authority in the tone held Hudson still and silent. They sat frozen into a strained immobility. Hudson heard his own heart going. There was the sound of the low wind teasing the grass and leaves, and thin, muted, an age away, the faint noise of the orchestra playing at the Gradska Kavana.

Then quite plainly Hudson heard the sounds which had first roused Raikes to wariness. The slow creak of a leather strap and the dry crackle of grass as a foot was shifted with heavy caution. For a moment in the shadow of the hut they looked at one another.

Hudson turned his head slowly, staring across the shadowed bowl of grass before the hut. On the far ridge the blurred bushes and trees stood up vaguely against the dark sky. He kept his eyes on the ridge, forcing them in a hard focus against the shadows until they began to play him tricks. A bush wavered and moved, darkness became animated and full of menace, and with the treachery of his eyes went a falseness of hearing.

The wind was full of fancied echoes and sounds, a lazy slither of earth, the quick rattle of a gravel chip, the long whisper of cloth against branches.

And then, out of the confusion, unmistakably he saw two men.

They rose against the night sky and stood, shoulders clear of the bushes and he heard the clear sound, careless, assured now, of a swivel ring moving as a rifle sling was gathered up. At the same moment Raikes stood up and his hand held Hudson's shoulder for a second. "Run for it." The whisper hung between them, and then the steady pressure of Raikes's hand forced him away, in the opposite direction.

Hudson turned and raced through the shadow of the hut and out into the clearing behind it.

"Halt!"

A dozen men rose now about the ridge and Hudson, running instinctively away from Raikes, bent low, his bare feet noiseless on the soft grass, saw the abrupt movement of an upslung rifle barrel drawing light to itself from the pale stars. Then he heard the ragged rattle of shots and saw the stiff tails of muzzle flashes.

He ran, careless now of concealment, and behind him he heard the heavy plunge of boots, the shout of men's voices and another rattle of fire. Rifle bullets whipped through the bushes to his right and he heard their impersonal whine diminish into the darkness. He raced up the slight slope, swinging left and right until he knew he had a lead, and then down the far side.

After him came the crash of boots, the cries of the men and then, distant now, the echo of rifle shots from the opposite direction. He found a path and headed down it.

In his hand he still held unconsciously the glass from which he had been drinking rum.

BEHIND him, the sounds were fainter now, but he held on, allowing himself no slackening of pace and in a little while he was through the scrub and racing between tall pines to the sea at a point which was strange to him. He stood for a moment on the small lip of the low cliff and then slid down and worked his way out to the rocks.

As he went he slipped off the raincoat and thrust the glass into the pocket. With a glance behind him, he slid into the sea, swam forward a little and then let the current take him, treading water and pushing the bundled coat from him.

It ballooned for a moment with trapped air, then as he pressed it, it flattened and began to sink and moved away from him.

He swam on for a while and then paused, raising his head to take his bearing. Before him was the mainland and away up to his left the town. He had come out on the island shore farther down than the white stone, but by swimming at a slight diagonal he could easily make the villa next to the hotel. He swam low in the water, making as little disturbance as possible.

So long as it was not known he had been to the island, he was safe. He had to get his clothes and move back into the hotel without raising any suspicion. The noise of the firing must have been heard on the mainland and he knew he had to move cautiously.

That he had been lost sight of for an hour from the hotel meant nothing. The soldiers on the island had seen two men, but he had no fears of being positively identified. He knew now, too, why he had kept the glass. Found on the grass it would have been fingerprinted and matched with his own. Behind the illogical grasp of panic there had been sense. Now it would be slowly settling to the sea bottom with the heavy coat.

And Raikes? Raikes must look after himself. There was nothing he could do. If he had escaped the bullets he could make his way to his friends.

It was at this moment that from either end of the channel between the island and the mainland two broad searchlight beams broke through the night. As he dropped his head, he heard the steady beat of motor-boat engines. The two boats approached each other now along the channel and the lights swung methodically across the water.

Hudson dived smoothly and swam under water. When he came to the surface the lights were behind him.

He breathed deeply and went down again and as he swam the water above him was turned to a milky effulgence as the light swept over the surface. When he came up he was in darkness, but behind him the two boats had almost met and were turning, moving slowly now from the direction of the island, and their searchlight beams were in a wide V which slowly narrowed, sweeping over the water and touching the fringe of the mainland.

Momentarily, from the hotel palm walk away to his left, Hudson caught the white stippling of faces where a tiny knot of people was collected, watching.

As the light neared him he ducked and swam forward, groping for the rocks and the gully entrance to the bathing stage of the silent villa. He found it and felt the rocks against his hands as he swept forward.

Then he was clinging to the edge of the stage, his feet just touching the loose gravel bottom, his head and shoulders safe in the shadowed angle of the gully, but over the top of the rocks the light played against the low wall of the garden, and as he clung there he could see the great bells of the fuchsia turned to a vivid silver and grey by the hard light.

He watched the movement of the lights as they met over his head and then slowly parted, sweeping wide again. Taking advantage of the wedge of blackness, he hoisted himself out of the water and raced over the rocks to the fuchsia bush.

He picked up his bundle of clothing and dropped over the low wall, into the villa garden. As he did so, the lights flicked back as though out on the water someone suspected his presence, sought to give him grace and then catch him as he moved.

In the darkness he raised his head and saw another boat had joined the other two, and now the three were drawing slowly into the shore. The beams played over the hotel garden, over the grounds of the villa before him and probed into the thick cliff scrub beyond the villa.

Each boat seemed to have taken a sector, moving in relentlessly. The centre light swung across the garden before him and in its radiance he saw a little way up the grass slope the white portico of a summer-house. When darkness came he bent low and ran up the slope.

He was in the summer-house, drawn back from the door and safe from the lights. Hurriedly he drew off his bathing trunks and flung them up on to a ledge of the roof rafters.

He pulled on his clothes over his wet body, the buttons and cloth stiff and unwilling beneath his fingers, and then ran his pocket comb through his hair. He could not return to the hotel the way he had come and the wall dividing the hotel grounds from the villa garden was too high to climb. He must go up through the grounds of this villa and out on to the road.

As he drew on his sandals he heard the note of a marine engine die away and the scrape of a boat's boards against the rocks below. Men's voices called, subdued and urgent, and then he heard the sound of heavy boots strike against stones.

The light lay still across the garden outside. Its hard radiance seeped into the shadowed summer-house and he saw that the tiled floor was wet where he was standing. He looked round for something to hide the wet stain. In the corner of the house were two deck chairs. He pulled one forward and placed it over the wet patch. He slipped outside and began working his way in the shadows towards the villa.

A beam slashed violently across the garden, breaking the darkness into a mass of silvery fragments, drawing wheeling lines of shadows from stubby date palms and bushes as it moved. Hudson dropped to his knees behind an ornamental vase from whose rough lip spilled a long trailer of creeper starred with little white flowers whose petals were veined and transparent with the passage of light.

He heard men call on the shore below him and voices answer from the garden of the hotel. The beam swung back, leaving him a lane of darkness. He ran forward, up a flight of stone steps and found himself at the hotel end of the villa terrace.

Extending on either side of the villa was a high wall which cut off the garden from the road beyond. The only way through was by a small door. He tried it, but it was locked.

Men were coming up through the garden now, beating slowly through the bushes. He stepped back and dropped into the shelter of the terrace balustrade as the beam from the boat below slanted up the villa slope, fanning across the face of the terrace.

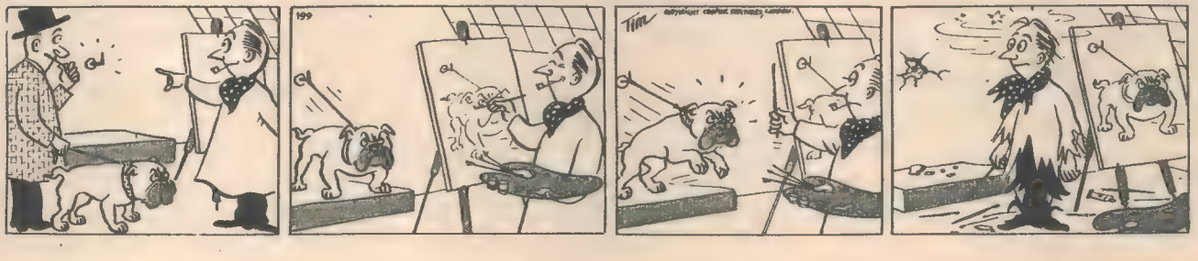
Momentarily in the cold radiance the marble face of a woman looked sadly down at him, one arm outflung, white and bare, fingers outspread as though to ward off the fierce light. Then the statue on the balustrade was lost and he saw the villa front. Across the chequered tiles was an open pair of french windows flanked by lemon shrubs in terra-cotta pots. Heavy curtains were drawn across them.

The light swung slowly across the face of the house and the two other beams began to play with it, weaving and erratic. The woman's face above him flickered and died, bone-white, brilliant one moment, gone the next.

Nearer now sounded the voices from

Continued on page 28

OH, JOHNNY! **by TIM**



Sorting out the war secrets

by DENNIS HOLMAN

What the Allies did and why is all being recorded. So are the moves of Hitler and his generals. When the two sides have been put together, the full story will be published

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE wondered what happened to the countless war diaries and other records which units wrote and went on writing for six years of war, the answer is with Mr. C. V. Owen.

Owen's domain is under the foundations of the Cabinet office in Whitehall. Once the Cabinet's war-time headquarters, the floor above is strengthened to resist block-busters, with girders and railway lines criss-crossed and the rooms filled in with concrete. Now it contains the Army's war records, one of the largest paper accumulations of its kind in Britain.

"I've been in charge of it since the first batch of war diaries and files arrived," Owen says. And he has watched it grow, indexing all the way, till now the catalogue stands nine feet high. There are over 20,000,000 papers on five miles of racking, filed in a series of red and blue boxes stacked in neat rows, eight to the yard.

"The raw material of history," he continues. "There ought to be enough here to get on with." He points to shelves containing 250,000 war maps. "Of course, now that the war is over, another job has begun—the writing of its history."

Work on the war histories is a highly organized and scientific business which the Government and the Services have been conducting for the past three or four years. At the apex of the set-up is the Committee of Official Histories, with Chuter Ede as President. Actual writing is being done by a team under the direction of one of Britain's foremost historians.—J. R. M. Butler, Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge.

The record of a war: 20,000,000 papers, 250,000 maps. Army archivist C. V. Owen turns up the D-Day files

Planning The Campaigns

After 1918, each Service wrote its own history. But all fought more closely together to win this war, so their histories are being tackled as a sort of combined operation. The plan is straightforward.

Five volumes are planned as a general survey of the central direction of the war at the highest level. They will unfold to the man in the street the grand strategy of the war as it developed and explain why the important decisions were made. Authors have been selected and all the volumes are now being prepared.

Next come the operational histories of the three major campaigns, North-West Europe, the Middle East and the Far East. For each a series of volumes will be required. And there will be other volumes on particular subjects, such as the great air offensive against Germany and on the lesser campaigns like Crete and Norway. Outlines are planned. Soon teams of historians will be working on allotted chapters.

At 8 Barton Street, Westminster, Brigadier H. B. Latham, head of the Army Historical Section, explains how archivist Owen's mountain of paper is rendered down into readable history. The basic research is done by narrators, whose job is to squeeze the records into manageable form for the historians to work on.

Gap In The Records

Owen's records will say what happened, but they do not always explain why. The narrator may have to look for the answer in books or articles on the campaign, perhaps consult generals who can remember what happened.

Narrators are senior officers who have had first-hand experience of the operations they are called upon to write up. The essential for a narrative writer is that he should be accurate. He cannot comment and he cannot criticize. He merely describes a sequence of events as far as he can prove they did occur, and he must cross-reference every statement with a bibliographical list giving the authority and where it is to be found.

Very few copies of each narrative are made. Though the detail is in

excess of the historians' needs, narratives are valuable historical documents in themselves and four copies are stored in different places for safety. Only official historians have access to them.

In cold type, indexed and cross-referenced, their revelations are still startling. Perhaps our luckiest break of the war was when we ambushed a German staff car carrying plans for an attack on Calais and an upward move along the coast to cut off our retreat to the sea.

We countered by concentrating our forces in the Calais-Boulogne area and holding the sector long enough to secure a getaway for the 360,000 men who returned to England, re-formed and came back for a return-match four years later.

The "Rommel File"

Voluminous though they are, Owen's records don't tell the whole story. Blanks are filled with material from captured enemy documents.

We have the "Rommel File" to help lift the fog that lay for a long time over those noisy tank deployments in France. We now know that British and German armoured forces passed each other in strength, almost as near as two opposite streams of traffic, to the dismay of Rommel, who was nearly captured when the British tanks charged into his soft-skinned tail. In the file are thirty-eight high-level Army reports on the Normandy campaign.

The file itself had quite an adventure. It came into our possession because in 1931 an English girl in a finishing school in Dresden fell in love with and married a German officer.

His name was von Templehof. Later he became one of Rommel's staff officers, and returned home after Rommel had been murdered on Hitler's orders for suspected complicity in the Generals' revolt of July, 1944.

Von Templehof had Rommel's diary with him, and for safe keeping put it under the bed, expecting the Gestapo to come and pick him up any day. The Gestapo never came.

Then von Templehof received orders for the Eastern Front, and the diary remained under the bed until Allied forces captured the town, and Frau von Templehof was able to write to her brother, an R.A. officer, that she wanted to hand over a document which *might* be of historical importance.

A copy of the file is now at 8 Barton Street, in the keeping of Mr. B. M. Melland, head of the Enemy Documents Branch of the Army Historical Section.

German Version

Compared with Owen's vast jungle of racks and boxes, Melland's enemy documents barely fill a basement kitchen. But there is a story in every filing cabinet.

After the first World War, the Germans wrote their military history from their own records which they kept. They surrendered unconditionally this time, and most of their records were taken over by the Americans, who shipped them back to Washington. Much has still to be sifted and indexed, but it is a goldmine of information to which we have full access.

"We have a representative in Washington who keeps up a steady flow of papers across the Atlantic," says Melland. Selected documents are photographed here and returned. Our collection consists mostly of photographs and translations.

But an impressive amount of material is available, for it was only after July, 1944, that the German High Command, fearing a war crimes trial, clamped down on paper work. Anything which might be used as evidence had to be destroyed. Photographs of executions were forbidden. Prints and negatives of those which existed were confiscated.

Yet, in spite of these orders, a great deal of paper from High Command down to Army Group level fell into our hands. When the German resistance began to disintegrate, things happened quickly. There was not time to destroy unwieldy records.

As Owen explains, "If I were ordered to burn this lot, I certainly couldn't promise to do it in a day." With ten men to assist him, more likely it would take three months.

Archives Up A Mountain

Besides, archivists are sentimental creatures; they cannot always bring themselves to destroy the beautiful, musty files that mean a life's work. There is the case of thirty truck-loads of German Foreign Office records, perhaps the most important document capture of the war. They fell whole and intact into the lap of the First U.S. Army in March, 1945.

It happened simply and incredibly. One morning two black-coated gentlemen called on the American commander and offered him the German Foreign Office archives.

Dubiously and suspiciously, they were followed by a major in a jeep, to a large house up a mountain. From cellar to attic the house was stacked with neatly docketed brown paper bundles. They contained the whole crooked Nazi story.

Capturing enemy documents was an intelligence operation which had been carefully planned before D-Day; document teams were trained for the sole purpose of closing rapidly on Gestapo headquarters. The great hunt took one document officer through half the museums and libraries of Germany.

His biggest find was in a salt mine in the British Zone. "We went down 400 feet in the elevator cage," he tells, "and stepped into a vast subterranean cathedral of white crystal. Pretty eerie down there. Only the sound of our boots crunching the salt, and our hoarse voices that went echoing down along the tunnels. In one of the tunnels we saw a light, and found a wizened old man sitting on a stack of bread and sausages. He had gone completely off his head—thought he was the Kaiser or somebody. Then we saw why. They had left him down there with a hoard of art treasures and priceless antiques, jewels, tapestries, armour, vestments, gold and silver plate. The stuff must have been worth millions."

In 1945 we captured a twenty-three page booklet, *The Military Administration of England*, to be brought into effect when the German Invasion Force occupied Britain in September, 1940. England was to be an arsenal for the war against Russia.

All British males between the ages of seventeen and forty-five were to be deported for slave labour in Germany, their places in British factories taken by German workers. The country was to be administered under the German Penal Code. Execution was to be decapitation by the axe.

Hitler's blonde private secretary, Gerde Schroder, and correspondence he had dictated to her for ten years, fell into our hands when a document team entered a German castle.

Typists Were Captured

But Hitler's personal record of the war went up in flames. His Chief War Historian, General Scherff, a Nazi, was responsible for that. Ever since fighting began, Hitler had called a daily conference of Service chiefs, but only in the autumn of 1942 did he feel the need for a record of these conferences—to justify himself in the eyes of history.

A number of expert stenographers were sworn to secrecy, and from then on there was a continuous record of these highest level conferences.

In April, 1945, the stenographers were suddenly ordered to proceed to Berchtesgaden, carrying with them their original notes of the daily conferences. They were threatened with the long arm of Nazi vengeance if they divulged conference secrets and their notes were taken to a place in the woods by S.S. men and burnt.

But an American document team captured the smouldering fire and scooped up the charred fragments. Better still, they got the stenographers and put them to work reconstructing the notes from memory. A curious thing about a German, if you give him an order and he carries it out, he does the best job he can.

Job Will Take Years

Latham's narrators do not use enemy documents. Melland has a staff of trained experts who write appreciations giving the enemy side of the picture. The historian sees both sides.

The history, in more than a score of volumes, cannot be completed for several years. It will be smaller than the American war histories, which are being written separately by each of the Services, with nearly 100 volumes for the army history alone. But the records, besides being used for the official histories, are also the basis for many Service monographs which, although they will not be published, will be of great value to staff colleges where strategy and tactics are studied.

Owen's records are not open to the public. He explains: "We have nothing to hide. We just haven't got the staff. Accredited historians are enough for us to handle, and they take us all day."

We are looking along the gallery marked *N.W. Europe* 1944-45, at about 100,000 boxes of living history, written on the move, under fire. A thought occurs. "Yes," archivist Owen agrees. "I suppose you could stop war if you stopped making paper."

NOW YOU KNOW

ARE YOU ONE OF Britain's 3,000,000 dog owners? If so, is your dog licence in order?

The new rule made in Sir Stafford Cripps's last budget allows a dog licence to run for a whole year from the date of issue. Previously, licences expired on December 31 of each year. The position now is that a licence bought, for example, on February 1, 1950, expires on January 31, 1951—*not* on December 31, 1950.

But what many owners may overlook is that the new law did not come into force until January 1, 1950, and does not affect licences bought in 1949.

A licence bought, say, on August 1, 1949, expired on December 31, 1949, and does not run on until July 31, 1950. So all 1949 licence holders have to pay out again.

"Bus service out here is terrible. Would you believe it, the last bus to town leaves in just ten minutes"

Bush babies in the London Zoo. To find animals is one thing; to get them home still kicking quite another

He brings them back alive

by IAN BEVAN

Catching flying squirrels or hunting crocodiles with a torch comes naturally to Gerald Durrell. It's when he's up against jungle witchcraft that his job gets tricky

GERALD DURRELL IS A young man who likes animals, which is a relatively simple way of describing a person who makes friends with anything from hairy frogs to crocodiles, including white mice, elephants, chimpanzees and death adders. If there is an animal in the world he does not like he has yet to meet it, and for a person still in his mid-twenties he has met a remarkable variety.

He declared his love at an early age and has remained consistently faithful. An accurate record kept by his mother shows that the fifth word he learned to utter with any clarity was "zoo," and when he came into a small legacy at twenty-one he invested it all in financing an expedition to collect animals in the West African jungle.

He has since made a second trip to West Africa and is at present on his way to South America. He has established himself as a collector for most of the important zoos in England, and intends to stay in this self-chosen profession which brings him into contact with about a hundred animals for every one human he meets.

"I like people," he says, "but I like animals so much more." The affection is mutual. Animals return his love in a remarkable way and, although he has handled some of the earth's wildest and most vicious creatures, he has only once been bitten or attacked.

That was by a small poisonous snake which bit him during his last trip to the Cameroons. "You can't blame it," says Durrell. "I was handling it roughly."

This unconventional young man—with his aesthetically lean face, long-fingered hands, and well-cut suits—was born in India, spent most of his childhood on a Mediterranean island, and took a wartime job as a zoo keeper in England when the Army rejected him as medically unfit.

His father was an English engineer who worked in India, where Gerald was born in 1925. There was a zoo in the town where they lived and, from the age of two, if his nurse attempted to take him anywhere else in the afternoons he would start a violent protest which invariably gained his point.

Avid Reader

When he was three his father died and his mother took the family to live on Corfu, partly because she liked the climate and partly because the eldest son, Lawrence, showed a precocious interest in Greek archaeology which she hoped would blossom in the right setting. He grew out of it, but no one in the family looks back on that period as time wasted.

Gerald's education was nominally in the hands of a succession of tutors who, he says, taught him absolutely nothing. He learned more from the heterogeneous collection of books which he borrowed from the island's English residents.

By the time the war started, when the Durrells moved back to England, he had read every book in English on the island, and, having regard to the composition of Corfu's prewar English colony, that can be rated as a liberal education for a boy of fifteen.

In England, the family settled at Bournemouth not far from the zoo, where Gerald spent most of his spare time. When the Army turned him down, he took any job he could find which brought him into contact with animals.

Whipsnade Keeper

He worked in a riding stables, a series of pet shops, and finally ended up as an assistant keeper at Whipsnade, where he learned to cope with elephants, camels, lions, bears, tapirs and llamas. "As far back as I can remember," he says, "I have always wanted a job which had something to do with animals." He also likes travelling, so, when the war ended, he decided to join the world's small group of bring-'em-back-alive hunters.

Becoming a professional "animal collector" (which is how Durrell describes himself on his income tax returns) is not a simple matter. There is no apprenticeship, no one to help you, and an embarrassing number of restrictions to overcome.

Durrell financed his first trip on £2,000, which was his legacy plus the limit of his bank overdraft. His contacts with zoos earned him a few provisional orders, including one for a gorilla which he couldn't fulfil, but no cash-in-advance payments.

He decided to go to the British Cameroons—a narrow strip of territory in West Africa, sandwiched between British Nigeria and the French Cameroons—because it is in the sterling bloc and offers a varied range of animal life which has never been exploited by zoo collectors.

The Wife Collector

The area is neither rich nor healthy, and is distinguished chiefly by a town called Debunscha which has more rain than almost anywhere else in the world, and by the Fon of Bikom who has more wives than almost anyone else in the world. (Last news from Debunscha was that they had had 444 inches of rain in a year, and from the Fon that forty wives had left him but he still had more than a hundred in hand.)

From Durrell's point of view, the country is interesting because its forests are common ground for the animals of two fairly distinct geographical areas. Here are found types peculiar to the so-called "West African region," as well as those from the Congo basin.

The collector has, in effect, his choice of two areas for the price of one, with the added attraction that the Cameroons has certain specialities of its own, notably the hairy frog which looks just as you would expect—like a frog with hair on it.

In various parts of the territory are black rhinoceroses, giraffes, elephants and gorillas, as well as puff adders, green mambas and a variety of cobra

which can spit venom in your eye from ten feet away.

On his first trip, Durrell was accompanied by John Yealland, a specialist in catching birds. As it is now forbidden to bring birds into the United Kingdom (although they fly in, free from Government controls, by the million every year), he went on his second trip with another animal collector, Kenneth Smith.

On both trips they went first to Victoria, the port of the British Cameroons, and from there they made their way about 120 miles up country to Mamfe, in the thickly forested country of the Cameroon Mountains.

Mamfe is in the middle of a pestilential area, notorious throughout the world for its high malaria rate. Leprosy is common, and there is an unattractive range of parasites such as tapeworms, roundworms, hookworms and guinea worms which can give a man any one of twenty or more unpleasant diseases.

Shared Tent With Animals

On his second trip, from which he returned to England last August, Durrell knew the ropes and was able to get down to work fairly quickly. The first job was to collect a staff of boys and establish a base camp. Durrell and Smith lived in marquees they had brought with them, and which they later shared with their rarest and most delicate catches. The native boys built thatched huts for themselves, and small stockades and ponds for the animals.

Second job on the list was to make friendly contacts with the local natives, and let them know what sort of animals the two white visitors were willing to buy. Durrell has found that he has to catch about half the specimens himself; the others can be bought from the natives.

Trouble with the second method of collecting is that the natives generally have very little idea of how to catch animals without harming them, and think it quite good enough if they bring in one with a broken leg or fractured skull so long as it is still breathing.

Sign Language For Hog

Durrell's linguistic abilities, although they include French and Greek, do not extend to any of the semi-Bantu dialects which they speak around Mamfe, or to pidgin English, which is the common language of the territory. To make himself understood he generally resorted to sign language.

"Easy enough, really," he says, "although I must say it became a bit complicated when I tried to tell the natives that I wanted them to find me a red river hog.

"I took a couple of them out to a potato patch, burrowed around in it with my nose, and grunted as loud as I could. First of all they thought I was trying to imitate a hippopotamus. Then I pointed out something red to them, stuck some plumes behind my ears like the hog has, and finally they got the idea. But I felt like a ballet dancer all the time I was doing it."

Although natives can be relied on to find most of the standard animals, the really rare ones—which bring the collector his big prices—are often unknown to them. They know the animals that are good to eat, and the ones that are dangerous, but the ones which are merely interesting to zoologists might as well be on a different planet for all the natives know or care.

Once the base camp was established, Durrell and Smith split forces. One would stay at the base to mind the animals already captured, while the other would go off for a few weeks with a dozen or so native hunters in search of prey.

Smoked Them Out

The most arduous work, to Durrell's mind, was hunting for flying squirrels which live in hollow trees. The way to catch them is to cover the exit holes with nets and light a fire at the bottom of the trunk; but you might smoke out fifty trees before you find one with a squirrel in it.

Crocodile hunting, on the other hand, is quick and simple. Durrell went out at night with a torch and a native boy. He shone the torch along the sandy banks of the river until its beams were reflected in a croc's eyes.

Then, with the beam held firmly in the beast's eyes, he approached and kept the crocodile dazzled and immobile. As he moved closer, the boy ran round behind and jammed a forked stick over its neck.

"Quite amusing," says Durrell. Most people would probably be prepared to take his word for it without bothering to have first-hand experience.

Natives, he says, are very brave when they are doing anything in which the risks are known. They will hunt crocodiles with delight, but will refuse to enter a dark cave. "If you want to have the cave investigated," says Durrell, "it means upholding the white man's prestige and going in first yourself. That's the tough part of the game. It took me a long time to learn how to stop my knees knocking."

He set box traps for mongooses, monkeys and wild cats, and built pits and stockades to trap bigger animals. Most dangerous quarry were leopards and buffalo. Leopards are always mean and moody; buffalo will attack without provocation.

Leopards proved a big disappointment to him on his last trip because, for reasons he cannot explain except in terms which are received with polite gasps of disbelief by civilized audiences, they steered clear of his traps in an uncanny fashion.

Durrell went on a special leopard-hunting expedition to Bakebe, a village about thirty miles from Mamfe and in the centre of a patch of country where leopards are usually as plentiful as cotton spinners in Lancashire.

He built a series of traps, baited them attractively with raw meat and goats, and for six weeks waited unsuccessfully for even one leopard to walk into them. The traps were perfect; they were inspected every day; bait was sufficiently plentiful and succulent to tempt the most fastidious leopard. At night Durrell often heard four or five of the beasts snarling in the jungle, and by day he would see signs of their tracks near his traps, but not one was captured.

Why not? The only explanation Durrell can offer is that Bakebe is a village where most natives have, in their own phrase, "leopard for belly." All the natives in this part of West Africa believe that, while they are asleep, their spirits go roving in the bodies of animals. In Bakebe, most of them think their spirits walk the jungle inside leopards.

Each night while Durrell was there, the town crier would walk around the huts warning people not to walk into the white hunter's traps if their spirits should go wandering abroad. A spell was put on the traps and, although he is satisfied they were never interfered with, nor was a watch kept to frighten leopards away, he knows the result.

Was it the spell, or was it merely six weeks' consistent bad luck? Durrell thinks it was the spell.

"It's all very well to laugh at witchcraft in London," he says, "but you go to Bakebe and see whether you laugh then."

His second trip to the Cameroons produced a bag of some 500 specimens, including seventy monkeys, a golden cat, two water chevrotains (semi-aquatic pigmy antelope), four giant booming squirrels, five bamenda rock hyrax, two giant green turtles, thirty snakes, a hundred frogs and toads of twelve different species, and an angwantibo to replace the London Zoo's specimen which he had brought back on his earlier trip and which was the first ever exhibited alive in Europe.

Diet Of Sponge Cake

Bringing this mixed bunch back to England was a tall order. First of all there was the difficulty of arranging transport down to the coast, then of finding a ship to England. On the voyage, the animals needed skilled and almost continuous attention. Often they refused their usual foods and it was a matter of experiment to find something which would tempt them. A good stand-by proved to be sponge cake.

Durrell's mother sometimes reminds him that, although he liked keeping pets as a child, she was the one who generally had to clean their cages. The salamander Gerald had on Corfu, and the marmoset, bought from an Oxford Street department store, which he kept as a boy at Bournemouth, were housekeeping headaches to her. Now he can clean cages, administer purgatives and treat skin diseases with the best of them.

He brought the last lot of animals back from the Cameroons without any serious loss, and sold them to zoos in London, Manchester, Dublin, Chester and Bristol, at prices ranging from £150 for a chimpanzee to 5s. for a giant land snail. Everything was sold, including a monkey he had thought of keeping as a family pet, for a total of £2,000, which gave him a profit of about £400 on the trip for seven months' hard work.

His Qualifications

Collecting animals is not the way to get rich quickly, but Durrell cannot think of anything he would like to do more.

"If it comes to that," he said to an acquaintance just before he set sail for Dutch Guiana, "I can't think of anything else I could do even if I wanted to. My qualifications are very elementary. I can treat snake bites, paddle a hollow-log canoe, use a rifle, ride a horse, move quietly through undergrowth, and sit still for hours on end. That's about all I can do, and fortunately that's about all an animal collector has to do."

Gerald Durrell: he bagged this white faced owl while in the Cameroons

FEUD

by DUDLEY HOYS

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT WILKINSON

Old John worked at the dam with the fury of a madman. The water rose and flooded across the burning heather

As Old John saw the flames trap his enemy he knew that the dalesfolk would think: "An accident? Ay. But queer"

IT'S TRUE THAT BACKGROUND, to a large degree, moulds character. In the main, the solemn splendour of the fell country has moulded the character of the dalesfolk to good effect. They are honest, hard-working, reverent towards real beauty, and kindly in a rather dour way. But, like many peoples who live among hills, they cherish feuds.

A townsman might gurgle with laughter at the idiocy of it. Somebody's great-grandfather cheated somebody else's great-uncle over the price of a Herdwick ewe, and ever since then the two families have been hostile. Ridiculous? Yes. But isolation has a trick of making petty matters loom large and lasting.

So there was a deal of quiet comment when Mary Tower of Beckfoot started walking out with Jim Bronson of High Ground. The Towers and the Bronsons had been looking sideways at one another for a hundred years or more. Friends of Mary's father felt quite sorry about it, because old John, a widower, was a gentle, genial type, and it seemed shocking that he should have to quarrel with his daughter.

What, in fact, he did, was to point out sorrowfully that as she was of age he could do nothing about it. But he would not have Jim at Beckfoot, and he would not be present when they were wed.

Mary, who had her father's placid, light blue eyes, said it was a pity, and left things at that. Probably she was telling herself she would have to be living a new life in any case, for Jim had never taken to sheep-farming. With the aid of two scholarships he had gone in for art, and landed himself a job as a poster artist with a commercial firm in London. That would be her home when they were married. Meanwhile, she only saw him on his infrequent holiday jaunts to the dale.

Old John loved his daughter, and this unhappy business aged him visibly. He went about in a weary way, as if a heavy boulder sat on his shoulders. Neighbours who helped him with the autumn gathering of ewes for breeding noticed the lethargy of his movements. He never even laughed at the sight of Eb Tryson, incautiously bending over to tie a clog-lace, getting the full weight of a passionate and irritable ram against the seat of his breeches.

We reckoned this affair was going to break up old John. We were all a long way from the truth. But how were we to guess the extraordinary end of it?

It happened in the early spring, about the second week of March. There had been a dry spell. There often is at that period. Many of the becks were down to a trickle, and the fells had that arid, greyish-brown colour, with the bent grasses starved and the old brackens shrivelled to tindery amber sticks. It was a good time to burn away the ancient, matted heather and give the young stuff a chance to see daylight. Herdwicks can find kindly grazing off the new, tender shoots.

OLD JOHN decided to fire his grazing area on Mart Hause, a big stretch perched at an altitude of about twelve hundred feet. The Hause itself is a sort of sloping plateau, bounded to the south by the sheer precipice of Mart Crags. To the west—the higher side of it—the tiny Mart Beck rises, bubbling along its stony bed until it pitches suddenly over the edge of the crags like a shower of falling pearls. From that dizzy rim there is a view that seems to show half the world beneath.

A great semi-circle, stretching from edge to edge, a wide band of leathery, clotted heather, was turning the place into a pastureless tangle. It could be fired safely without spreading too far, and one chilly midday he went up there with a box of matches and some old newspapers in his pocket to set the blaze going.

He moved up the boulder-strewn slopes in a heavy, listless fashion, and more than once he sighed at some troublesome thought. Maybe it was because Mary had been out several evenings lately without saying a word to him, and he knew that Jim Bronson was up here on another holiday.

He crossed the damp patch, green with sphagnum moss and streaked by stems of bog-myrtle, came to the outer fringe of the heather, stuffed a ball of newspaper among the stuff, and struck a match. For a few minutes the heather burned quietly, the flames only creeping. Then a small breeze whispered out of nowhere, eddied, changed direction, blew more strongly, a typical, random gustiness of the mountains.

The result was dramatic. With a sucking, whining noise, the flames went racing left and right, and in no time the whole outer edge of the heather was a curve of spitting fire. Though the speed of it startled him, there was nothing to be alarmed about. He moved back from the heat, and ascended a little, rocky hillock, the better to watch the blaze.

For a quarter of a mile, from the edge of the crags back in a semicircle to where the Mart bubbled over in its precipitous drop, flame and smoke quivered fiercely. There was a lot of sound with it, an angry roaring and an undertone of snapping and splitting. To add to the din, a couple of buzzards soaring on high were screaming like cats. Old John lit his pipe and watched.

All at once he became as still as the rock on which he stood. The match between his fingers burned down to his skin, and he never felt the pain. Over there, on the narrow, stony strip between the heather and the crag-face, something was moving. Lord! Lord! Surely he hadn't caught one of his sheep in the trap?

A ruffling of breeze parted the veil of smoke. What it revealed nearly stopped the beating of his heart. A man was crouched on the very lip of the

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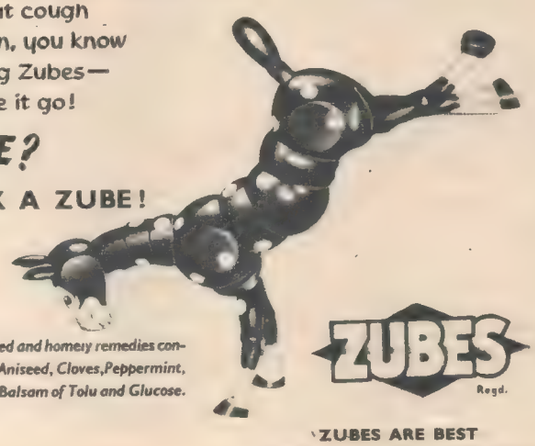

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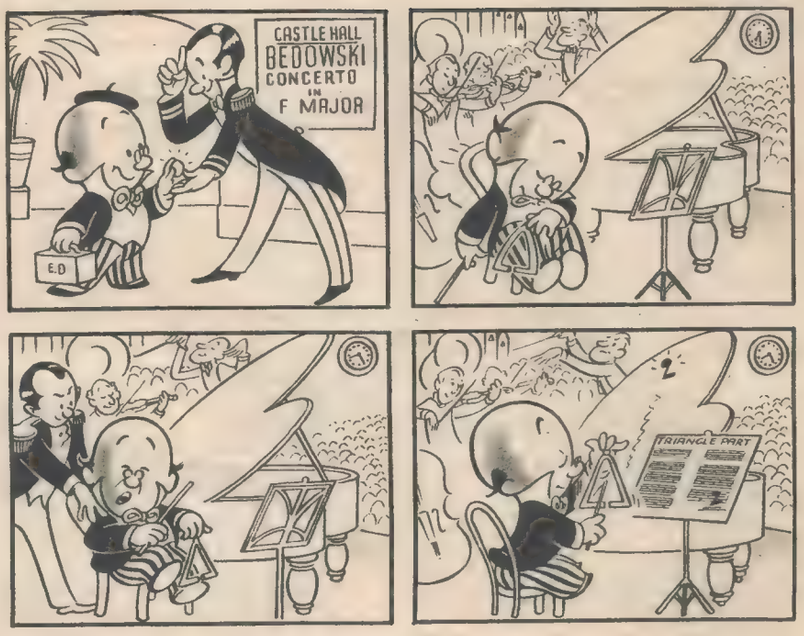
MR. DIMPLE by David Hand



FEUD: continued from previous page

crag-face. His hands were over his eyes, to keep the searing heat out of them. Nearby stood a kind of tripod bearing something square. An easel and a canvas. The man had dark, glistening hair and narrow shoulders.

Old John groaned. He knew now, without any doubt. It was Jim Bronson. Likely he'd come up here to paint the view, and dropped off to sleep, and he had woken up too late.

There was no hope for any living thing within that arc of fire, except an insect, or a lizard, or a bird. To them the crag-face was no barrier. But to man or beast. . . .

THE figure of Jim Bronson stirred. He made a frantic dash along the rim of the crags, towards the point where the Mart sluiced over the edge into space. Between him and the water was a hundred yards of smoke and flame and red-hot stubble and flaring heather. Old John saw him rush into the inferno a little way, stagger, and draw back. His face had blackened and his jacket was smouldering.

Old John's lips moved. He might have been praying. He could not be sure. As a dalesman he was not given to much of that. Mixed with his anguished pity was the thought of what they would say down there. They would say it very secretly, among themselves.

"An accident? Ay. But 'tis queer. A Tower an' a Bronson—'tis very queer."

His moving lips were dry, dry with the heat and with something else that seemed to turn him sapless and withered. If he could have done anything at all to help this poor soul . . . but there was nothing. In another five minutes, ten minutes at the most, either the flames or the crag-face must claim him.

He saw young Bronson, at the edge of the precipice, get on his knees. He seemed to be lowering himself over. Old Tower thought he was going to try to climb down—as if a man could clamber down that sheer face!

But the hands remained there, above ground, gripping a rocky projection. Tower understood. By that method Bronson was escaping the worst of the heat. But how long could his scorched hands stand the strain?

Old Tower's heart went out to him. The lad had courage. He deserved a miracle, ay, a sudden change of the wind, or heavy rain, a regular flood that would souse even that flaming mass.

The word flood did something to the old man's brain. In an instant he knew what to do, and went running and stumbling across to where the beck ended its level course and gushed down the crag-face. His fingers clawed and tore into the sparse and stony soil. The heat beating across the water was terrific.

With salt sweat in his eyes and the smell of his own singeing hair in his nostrils, he heaved earth and heather roots and small boulders into the beck, working with the fury of a madman. The dam took shape, and the water began to rise. The channel was narrow here, easy to block, and in a minute or two the water trembled at bank level.

Bawling encouragement, sobbing for breath, he kept at it. A hissing began, waxing to a sibilant fierceness. The water was seeping down the gentle slope, and a quenched, safe strip lengthened across the heather.

Young Bronson came staggering through. His parched throat could get out only one word. "Thanks."

Tower gripped his hand. "Come to Beckfoot and have a wash." All friendship was in his smile. "Sup o' tea wi' Mary will put tha right. Eh?"

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Your Opinions

LISTEN to everyone you can. Hear every point of view you can. Discuss your ideas with all those willing to listen to you. Discuss other people's ideas whenever they are anxious to talk to you.

You'll find it difficult and sometimes dull. You'll often find it fascinating—and you'll always find it invaluable.

In time it will enable you to form your own sound opinions and to take sides on a given question.

Here, though, is a warning. "It is one thing," said Archbishop Whateley, "to wish to have truth on our side, and another to wish sincerely to be on the side of truth."

The operative word is "sincerely." When you eventually do take sides, do so from real conviction.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Viewing life from a signal-box

by **HERBERT HODGE**

IF ANYONE ASKED me what was the most difficult thing I've ever tried to do, I think I should say it was simply trying to tell a friend how I feel.

Or ought I to put it: "Trying to tell a friend simply how I feel"? The difficulties begin at once even with a simple thought like that.

When I try to describe really complicated feelings—such as how I felt the first time I went up in a plane, or what I felt when I saw the chap walk over and kiss that girl I'd been contemplating—the difficulties multiply a millionfold. I know what I feel. Or I believe I do. But how can I describe those feelings to someone else?

What set me thinking about it was looking through my current batch of letters. During the past few weeks, more readers than usual have been asking for advice about writing. I suppose it's the long winter evenings. Myself, I prefer knitting. This winter I'm knitting a patchwork rug; and when I've finished it I know I shall *have* a patchwork rug. Which is more than you can say about writing.

The letter that interests me most comes from a railway signalman. He wants to write a masterpiece. Most of the people who ask me for advice only want to make money. I always feel the only sound advice I can offer them is to try filling in football coupons, because it seems to me that's by far the easiest way to make money by writing. Most readers would probably get a shock if they discovered how many well-known writers still have to do an ordinary job for their living.

But this railway signalman isn't worrying about money — or how to please editors, or even how to please the public. He simply wants to write well enough to satisfy himself. That's what makes him interesting. He says he feels his writing "lacks something—something which makes the difference between the good story and the kind of thing that is read only to pass the time."

Mark Of Success

Well, of course, most of the best stories begin by looking like something to pass the time. If they didn't, very few of us would read them. It's the way they go on that makes the difference. The writer has to feel intensely what he is trying to describe. Then he has to convey that feeling to the reader. If he makes the reader feel *his* feeling, he's succeeded.

My correspondent asks if I think his difficulty in using words is due to the fact that he had only an elementary schooling. I don't think so. Many a writer had no more; some had even less.

The difficulty goes deeper than that. It may comfort him a little to read how the poet, T. S. Eliot, one of our greatest (and certainly one of our most "educated") modern writers, sums up his own twenty years of trying.

Trying to learn to use words, and every attempt
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure
Because one has only learnt to get the better of words
For the thing one no longer has to say, or the way in which
One is no longer disposed to say it. . . .

You may think of those lines as discouraging. But I don't. They show that, after only twenty years of trying, a writer may succeed in putting into words the feeling of *trying* to put his feelings into words. From that to putting the feelings themselves into words may be only a step—perhaps only another twenty years of trying.

One Up On Us

But, as a railway signalman, my correspondent has one great advantage. He knows something that very few writers know—something that even Shakespeare didn't know. He knows the feeling of being a signalman.

In this one respect, he's obviously got a long start over most of us—because no writer can ever hope to describe a feeling he's never felt. We know what it feels like to be the person who sees a signal-box from the train, but we don't know what it feels like to be the person who sees a train from the signal-box.

So there, obviously, is the best place for a signalman to begin—by trying to describe the poetry and romance of life from a signal-box.

If he feels it's all rather humdrum (as so many of us do when we first sit down to describe our own doorstep) let him think what a writer like Conrad could have done with it, if only he'd been a signalman instead of a sailor—or Cobbett, if he'd had the same opportunity.

And if the feelings of a signalman seem impossibly hard to put into words, let him think again of Conrad, the Polish sailor, mastering the foreign English words between his watches at sea, and of Cobbett, the almost illiterate soldier without even the price of a candle, poring over his grammar-book by the light of the barrack-room fire.

Where these chaps got their knack of writing masterpieces from, I don't know. I can only suggest to my correspondent that if he sticks to the search as closely as they did, he may find the answer for himself.

The best companion I know of is a chap called Fowler. He has pointed out the path in a book called *Modern English Usage*. Sample it at the library before you risk your money.

PARIS REPORTS

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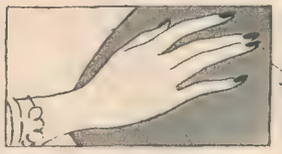

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HERE are the almost unbelievable facts. In 1841, out of 3,199 workpeople in Rochdale, less than half had 1s. 10d. a week to live on ; 855 had 1s. 6d., 508 had 1s., 200 had only 10d.—and *136 people lived on sixpence each a week!* Rochdale was, and is, in a woollen weaving district : yet 85 families in 1841 were without blankets, 46 slept without covering at all, the remainder had scarcely a blanket apiece.

Viewed against that background the restraint of the Rochdale Pioneers in wording the first paragraph of their Society's Objects—"to form arrangements for the pecuniary benefit and improvement of the society and domestic conditions of its members . . ."—is remarkable.

They opened their first shop in 1844 and sold butter, sugar, flour, oatmeal, and candles. They bought wholesale, sold at market rates, shared the trading surplus in strict ratio to purchases. The success of these humble men—all poor, some unemployed—is common knowledge ; the speed of their progress has never been equalled. But imagination has always been more powerful than money and in Co-operation these Rochdale pioneers were inspired by an idea strong enough to re-shape the world. They anticipated almost every aspect of the Co-operative Movement—a Movement which today serves half the nation's homes, counts its resources in hundreds of millions of pounds.

"*And 136 people lived on sixpence each a week...*" from that first shop in Toad Lane men indeed looked out through windows to a new world.

The C.W.S.—Co-operative manufacturing and wholesaling unit—was founded in 1863; 10 years later came its first product, biscuits. Today it is Britain's biggest business, with 194 factories whose goods help more than 10,000,000 members to cut their cost of living.

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Fetch or carry—distance no object

by **JOAN SKIPSEY**

A consignment of gold (though those days are past); a daily delivery of milk for a baby in Paris; a rush order for copies of Churchill's war memoirs. Here is a firm that never knows what odd or outsize job will crop up next

Horse and cart in an air age. But the crate will get there on time

A CENTURY OLD this year. Continental Express is the firm that introduced parcel post to the Continent more than thirty years before the Post Office, and C.O.D. fifty-nine years before; that moved a million parcels between Britain and the Continent in 1872; and that moved 410 Boy Scouts through six countries including Germany in 1949.

Continental Express's first agreement, or "convention," to carry parcels abroad was signed with the Imperial Prussian Post in 1850. Since 1945, conventions drastically curtailed in 1939 have already been re-established with Sweden, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway and Holland, and the firm agreement with the Swiss Post Office ensures delivery of parcels also in Austria, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Hungary, Italy, Jugoslavia, Poland, Rumania and Turkey.

All Over Europe

It is hard to imagine such an enterprise developing in any country but Britain. Where others would probably splash both claims and persuasions in neon, Continental Express pursues its business in an old four-storey building in a narrow court opposite the Central Criminal Court—and sends its men all over Europe.

One war after another has knocked it sideways, but it rides each battering as serenely as one of the London plane trees in a nearby churchyard, or one of the dogged steam packets that carried its first Dover-Ostend business. In September, 1939, it had 220 employees. Six years later it had twenty-four. Today, 157 are gradually expanding the business again.

Ronald Belchem, senior traveller today, recalls how he was sent to Antwerp more than twenty-five years ago, a fairly new graduate of West Ham Grammar School, to work for the firm's sister agency there.

Linguist—And Gourmet

In Antwerp he quickly began to learn Flemish; and then decided that the next field for Continental Express and Belchem was South America. Accordingly he took himself off to the nearest public evening classes and learned Spanish via Flemish, with a private detour of his own through English.

Events carried him north-east instead of south-west. However, "luckily to Denmark before Sweden and Norway," he says, "because that meant I learnt the hardest Scandinavian language first."

According to Belchem, any young adventurer aiming to establish good Swedish relations would be well advised to develop a vast capacity for food and drink, as well as for languages.

"You eat from the moment you arrive," he says. "The hospitality is embarrassing, and the more so because it is very formal. You must sometimes eat a whole row of cakes to get a cup of coffee. And if you leave out two or three, somebody is going to be offended."

Nobody better typifies the almost Dickensian and quite misleading atmosphere that still surrounds the streamlined operations of Continental Express than lanky, sandy-moustached Leopold Francis ("Dick) Orchard. At sixty-three he currently holds the firm's longest-service record, having joined it in Boer War days.

"It was mostly woollens we were handling then," he says, "eighty per cent of the West End woollen trade, I'd say. I used to do all the Russian stuff. I could tell you the value in francs and the value in roubles—and it had to be right. If you made a mistake, they'd fine you. And in those days, anything for Russia had to be packed in canvas or a wooden box. So stuff would come in at eight o'clock at night and we'd slip the paper off and repack it, and a relay of three men would get it over to the nine five out of Cannon Street.

"We were at Gracechurch Street in those days. City police used to call us 'The Lighthouse' because we were always working (and no overtime then), and there was a firm of ostrich-feather workers next door that called us 'The Beehive.'

"It was nothing to come in of a morning and find three, four, five hundred packages from Nottingham alone. Seven hundred and twenty there were one Friday morning, all cotton laces, of course. The fashion's gone. All those antimacassars and that—dead now.

"Then I'd have to take bearer bonds to Brussels sometimes. Not light envelopes but great, heavy boxes they were in, as big as this table. Gold, too. That was in the thirties. Back and forth, sometimes six days a week I'd never see home. I'd get back to Dover from Ostend and there'd be a message for me: Turn round and take another lot. And £400,000-worth sometimes. Nothing to it. A policeman used to come down on the train from London with it, and see it into the strongroom on board. They wouldn't let me be armed. Wasn't dangerous, anyway. Only reason I ever travelled with it was a matter of insurance costs. Kept 'em down."

Gold would be hard to steal, anyway, Dick figures. "Packed in small, stout, wooden boxes, it was. Box weighed about fifty kilos—as much as one man could do to move one of those boxes. I have seen a Belgian lift two, but he was a huge man."

A Bath To Africa

The days when gold shuttlecocked across the Channel as fast as rates changed are gone, but Continental Express never knows what will crop up next, and you might almost say it goes looking for trouble. A woman missionary somewhere in Central Africa is among the latest who would probably acknowledge this.

Thoughtful friends decided that, after eighteen years out there, she would be happier with a bath. It was hardly a matter for parcel post, but Continental Express put its resources and contacts into gear all along the line, and the bath has been delivered—on native bearers' heads for the last twenty-five miles.

One of Britain's most recent exports to need Continental Express's unique service, and get it, was *Storm Over Europe*, the second volume of Winston Churchill's World War II memoirs.

"Cassells, the publishers, asked us if we could arrange simultaneous delivery throughout Northern Europe, in order that no bookseller should have it ahead of a competitor," says managing director Arthur Smith. "We did it, and 12,000 copies of the book arrived on the same day at various points in Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Norway, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Italy and Holland."

Keeping The Date

Airline services can beat, today, many records that only meticulous personal service could achieve in earlier days, but Continental once delivered ice-packed milk from a particular Friesian cow in Surrey every morning for several weeks to a fussed-over baby visiting Paris. And, though the firm will not deliver your parcel with a chorus of "Happy Birthday to You," it will—assuming that you mail the parcel in time—guarantee delivery on your best girl's birthday, and not a day too soon or late, in Finland, or Czechoslovakia, or Turkey.

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A FOREST OF EYES

Continued from page 18

the garden and Hudson felt the first rise of panic mounting in him, and he fought down the wild impulse to jump to his feet, heedless of the light, and to run, just run and trust to his speed for safety. Over the beat of his own heart and the tumult of his heavy breathing, he heard suddenly the remote sound of a radio playing a dance tune.

A man shouted closely below. Then voices answered from either end of the terrace, and Hudson realized he was trapped.

The light separated and the terrace was in darkness. Hudson knew there was only one way open to him. He slipped aside the heavy curtains of the french window and entered the villa.

SLOWLY the room came out of the darkness. He was in a wide, circular hall, roofed with a great dome of blue glass under which a few pale bulbs glimmered in a low chandelier, giving a thin watery light that merged shadows and furniture into amorphous, inimical shapes which seemed to crouch, watching him, waiting for him to move.

Then detail came reluctantly to the eye. Fur rugs on the floor, a stretch of tiles with a blue and white Greek key pattern, the slender bow legs of a walnut escritoire, the warm sheen of lacquer from a Japanese cabinet and the soft moonshine of a great vase with twisting handles, posed like a sentinel at the foot of a wide, curving stairway to his right.

Beyond the great vase were a small table, a sofa and chairs and a little table-lamp that threw a clear pool of hard light. The radio on the table played a lilting little sweet tune full of sweet mockery. And then abruptly it stopped.

He moved down the hall, feeling himself adrift on the wanton stream of circumstance.

A woman stepped from the shadows beyond the edge of the bright pool of light and came slowly towards him. He stopped, waiting for her.

She came towards him across the long stretch of tiles and as she neared him she raised her right hand, heavy with rings, touching a brooch which sat high on the swollen bosom of her black evening dress. A faint aura of perfume wreathed itself about him, and his eyes were held by the barbaric cluster of rings and the glitter of gold from the bracelet that spiralled tightly against the plump flesh of one arm.

A face looked into his, a comfortable mask which the years had worn bare of original colour, a face that was now recoloured, ochred and rouged out of some loyalty to a faded glory.

"Listen—just let me——"

A hand made an impatient gesture, and his words died.

Outside the window, men's feet clattered on the terrace and their voices came sharp and clear. She went past him, her stiff dress a protesting sibilance in the still room. He moved then, drawing towards the little table which held the radio, a bottle of wine and a half-empty glass. He turned and saw her draw the heavy curtains. Zarko and two militia guards stepped into the room.

He stood there waiting, knowing that he had reached the limit where men can protect themselves no longer, and he wondered at the even quality of despair and the power it had of turning reality to fantasy. He stood there under the pale blue dome and nothing was real. He put up a hand and smoothed his dark hair and touched the lapels of his jacket.

Zarko's voice dispelled all fantasy.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Madame Androsh—but we are looking for a man who's just escaped from Lokrum." The two militia guards, their rifles cradled across their forearms, moved up on either side of him, forming a stiff, threatening trinity.

In the silence that followed the words, Hudson saw the woman half turn towards him, and he waited, his own anxiety seeming to arrest time, anticipating the eager movement of her hand directed at him and the sound of her voice denouncing him to Zarko. There was nothing he could do. He stood there, powerless, knowing that he had no escape and must submit without struggle.

Then her voice came to him, an assured, harsh quality in it, breaking the agony of his wait.

"We haven't seen anyone, have we?" She turned, the last phrase thrown towards him, louder, drawing him into the company, and he saw Zarko raise his large head and stare across the shadowed length of the hall. The two men watched one another.

Zarko showed no surprise. His head nodded gently in recognition of Hudson and then a slow smile touched his lips.

"I see. Do you mind if my men go through the house? He could have slipped in." His manner was quiet and respectful, and Hudson realized that Zarko and Madame Androsh were acquainted.

"Please do, Comrade Zarko."

"Thank you." Zarko nodded to his men who came woodenly to life and moved away to start their search. Zarko came forward to the lighted table. Hudson faced him from the far side. Madame Androsh was watching them, her dark eyes drawn back under the thin painted brows.

Zarko said softly: "I didn't know that Mr. Hudson was a friend of yours?"

"We can hardly claim friendship on an hour's acquaintance." She sat down on the settee and one hand came up to play with the cornelian brooch at her throat. Hudson, knowing that she was with him, found his relief restoring his caution, driving his mind now to a watchfulness which must miss nothing. For some reason she was helping him and anxiety for his own safety was charged now with the new responsibility to protect her.

She was smiling at him, and he had the impression she was enjoying herself, tasting the moment of suspense like a connoisseur judging a new wine, unready to speak until the palate was clear again.

"You seem to know Mr. Hudson, too? But then in this town who is there that the Chief of Police doesn't know?"

Hudson knew that was for him. He said: "Comrade Zarko and I are old friends, almost, aren't we?"

"Of course." Zarko turned to Madame Androsh. "Mr. Hudson is a very important man."

"I know. Karl wrote to me from Belgrade about him, that's why I asked him here for a drink this evening."

"I'm glad you did." Zarko's eyes were on the table with its bottle of wine and the single glass. He moved forward curiously. "The authorities in Belgrade insist that we do all we can for him."

Hudson picked up the half-empty glass of wine from the table. "Everyone has been very kind." As he held it he knew that Madame Androsh had seen the gesture. They were allied now

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

RONALD LAMPITT'S village scene cover pictures have become famous for their intricate design and accuracy of detail. The secret, says Lampitt, is to make a meticulous pencil outline of everything included in the design before colouring begins. But he is, he says, never methodical enough to carry a sketch book and he works entirely from memory—in this case from memories of his childhood, when he spent his school holidays with his grandparents in a village with timbered houses, millpond and river.

and he had no fear that he would find her unready.

"I'm sure they have." Zarko's eyes were held by the glass. Hudson guessed what he was thinking. He kept his fingers cupped round it, hiding the smear of lipstick on its rim.

Madame Androsh turned and smiled at Zarko. "A glass of wine while you wait for your men, Comrade Zarko?"

Zarko shook his head. "No, thank you, Madame. Though"—his eyes were on Hudson's hand—"I see Mr. Hudson has had to drink alone."

"I've tried to persuade Madame Androsh to join me, but she refuses."

She stood up as the guards came clattering down the stairway. "When you get to my age the choice between a good wine and indigestion is easy to make. After sixty years of honest service my stomach is beginning to play the traitor."

Zarko chuckled but his words as he spoke seemed to probe still.

"And the only way to deal with a traitor, Madame, is to watch him constantly." He looked towards his two guards and they shook their heads. "We're unlucky it seems."

"He may still be in the garden," suggested Hudson.

Madame Androsh stood up. "You underrate Comrade Zarko. His men will have gone over every inch of it, trampling down my zinnias and azalea bushes."

"If they have done any damage, dear Madame, they shall regret it." Zarko bowed to them and then moved away towards the window and Madame Androsh went with him. She stood at the window for a while, watching him go. Then she drew the curtains with a quick, imperious gesture and came back.

"So—you're a very important man?"

As she spoke she came close to him, and he saw the white powdering in the worn folds of skin around her eyes.

"Comrade Zarko thinks so."

She went to a cabinet by the stairs and took out a wine glass. She came back and poured herself a drink. "How many men, I wonder, have been betrayed by a woman's lipstick?" She laughed, raising the full glass to catch an amber glow from the light. "You're a very quick-witted young man."

"I'm a very grateful one at this moment."

He watched her, curious, knowing that if she demanded the truth from him he would have to give it.

"Never believe anyone who tells you that age brings wisdom. My digestion, you will be glad to know, is perfectly sound." She drained the glass.

"Why did you help me?"

She sat down, not answering for the moment and he felt that she was not considering her answer, but studying him still as though his first movement into favour had still to be confirmed.

"Because I liked the look of you. Because I'm the kind of woman who never asks herself whether she can afford things, and because I don't like the arrogant way circumstances take themselves for granted."

"Most women would have called at once for help."

"At my age it takes more than a strange man to frighten me. You must see to it that Zarko never knows how quixotic I've been."

"I shall be careful. Who is Karl?"

"My son. He's secretary to the Ministry of Justice in Belgrade."

"You know that Zarko will check with him about my introduction to you?"

"Of course. Karl talks to me on the telephone every night. I'll see that everything is put right." She paused for a moment, leaning forward and filling his glass. Then she went on. "The trouble with a good lie is that once you've planted it, it goes on needing attention. I ask no questions of you. The less I know the fewer lies I have to tell. But, remember, Zarko is no ordinary policeman. In Belgrade he has quite a reputation for efficiency."

"I've double cause now to be careful."

He came round and sat by her, holding his glass in his hands. She was old, but there was a freshness of spirit in her which made him forget the painted face. Looking at her he was aware of her unfading intelligence and the generous courage which she had used on his behalf. He raised his glass and drank, his eyes acknowledging his gratitude, and then beyond her, in the long reaches of velvet shadow at the far end of the hall he saw Franja.

She came forward, a short evening jacket swinging open over the white dress, and her eyes were on him, full of curiosity and surprise. He stood up and he heard the stiff rustle of Madame Androsh's gown as she rose.

Her voice came quietly to him as he watched Franja's tall figure slide into the great pool of yellow light. "My granddaughter, Mr. Hudson. I think you two have already met."

The words finished in a delighted stir of sound, a laugh that echoed caressingly in the blue recesses of the great dome. He swung round and saw the old face, cracked with a smile, the dark eyes alive and mischievous, the young spirit dancing in them, and the harsh, almost masculine voice carried on: "You see, you weren't quite a stranger to me when you burst in just now."

LEPOVITCH was in a jubilant mood, and something of his feelings had worked into his report, making the writing of it difficult. He found himself stopping at times even when he knew exactly what he wanted to say, and staring out of the window.

In the tall poplars at the road edge a nightingale was singing. A late tram went by on its way to Gruz, and little white-shirted knots of strollers passed slowly up the hill, reluctant to leave the

Continued on next page

dandruff..

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THREE STEPS TO A FORTUNE

"FIRST week blank, second a minor prize, and third—a £500 bull's-eye!" That is how reader G. B. Patrick reported to JOHN BULL his recent *Bullets* progress, following the arrival of a First Prize telegram at 21 Astley Crescent, Birmingham.

"After taking over the job of assistant district engineer to the Midlands Electricity Board a year ago, I had little time for my hobby," he said. "Then a colleague began bringing his *'Bullets' Bulletin* to the office and that started me off again."

Another £500 fortune heads this week's big offer of 2,148 cash prizes totalling £1,000. With your *Bullets* coupon from this page you are invited to post the *Bulletin* reservation coupon below and thus qualify for a free copy of *Bullets* 2s. 6d. 1949/1950 Handbook.

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Mar. 4 and in JOHN BULL dated Mar. 11, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

To Mend The World	When She Drives
Voice Of The People	Defying Death
New Government	Sonny's Goal
For Or Against	Given An Airing
What Education Does	Like A Hippopotamus
In Every Home	
Forget Your Cares And	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
Horrifying	
The Gentle Sex	
Only A Beginning	Looking For A.....
Set To Work	Our ..... Thinks
Makes Me Mad	Untold .....
Dirt	His Favourite .....
If It Lasts Much Longer	Down In The.....
Bit Of A Racket	Men Are....., So

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NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,718 (or Xword 670), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE |6d.
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EX. |6d.
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B.
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B.
EX. |6d.
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B.

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2 BIG CHEQUES WON—XWORD 665

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Strap. 3, Pubs. 6, Dine. 8, Sheep. 9, Shaw. 11, Mere. 12, Wales. 13, Plans. DOWN: 1, Sharks. 2, Revived. 4, Shop. 5, Grip. 7, Father. 9, Steam. 10, Fop.

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"Bullets" Winners 1,713

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THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Celebration Weekend: W. Whitaker, 65 Conway Road, Treorchy, Glam: ONE LONG TUNNEL—THAT'S PESSIMISM'S "PERMANENT WAY."

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 670

1. Elderly people on this are more apt to be shocked by behaviour of some modern youngsters
3. Spring may well be associated with
5. One generally respects people who
8. Certain kind of one needs special preparation
9. There's a certain amount of ingenuity shown in the feeding of these
13. The number of deer varies somewhat with the number of these
14. If a man's this, there's more temptation to gamble

Down Clues

1. Try to push one out of the way and you may perhaps cause trouble
2. You expect them to give necessary protection in cold weather
4. May have strong attraction for light-fingered person
6. Fellow with plenty of this is likely to be accused of swaggering
7. Country lovers sometimes hear such sounds as they roam the countryside
10. Big man is rather more apt to punish
11. Sometimes leads to forgetfulness
12. The play of a football team is not always improved by

£100 AND FOOD PARCELS FOR THIS XWORD

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps, covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated February 25.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

1	B	E		2	C	H		3	B			D	4	S
	O	R		5	L	E			D			R		A
	U	R	S	O	N				S	O				
							6			A	7	M		E
8	D		S	H			A	U	T	O				
	E		9	P	E		S							
	R	10	F		S			H	11	B		I	12	W
		O	H									N		I
13		O	E	S			D	E	I	G		N		
670				14	S		O	R	T					

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

I enclose P.O. value.....

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670 Closing Postmark MON., FEB. 13

A FOREST OF EYES

Continued from previous page

balm of the evening for the stuffiness of their waiting homes.

The bird sang on with a rich indifference to the noises of the town, and for a moment Lepovitch remembered the nightingales that used to sing in the white-blossom groves of acacia on the hills around San Pietro where he had been born. Maybe still did. He saw the white walls of the level-crossing guard house which had been his home, his mother who had wanted him to be a priest, manoeuvring the counter-weighted red-and-white bar, and his father, slacked into a shapeless huddle against the house steps, smoking, fuddled, flipping maize grain to the ruffle-legged bantam cocks. His father who had never wanted anything for him.

He thrust the memory from him and wrote:

The operation worked perfectly and our task here has been considerably simplified. Raikes was killed in attempting to avoid capture. There should be no complications about this since already he is officially dead. It would have been better if we could have had a word with him before he died but our hands were forced by circumstances out of our control.

When he was surprised there was another man with him. He has escaped and his identity is unknown, though we suspect it was the other Englishman, Hudson. At the moment Hudson seems to have an alibi for the relevant period of time, but this is being closely investigated. . . .

If Hudson is what we think he is, then he is now working on his own and his chances of success are considerably diminished. No matter what co-operation he expects from traitors in the town, and their presence is obvious, he is now under such a handicap that it would not surprise me if he receives orders to abandon the whole project.

If we only had more information about the man he is here to aid I should be entirely confident of success. As you say, the dossiers you have forwarded give very little help. I hope that the information you get about Hudson will be of more assistance. Zarko's full report will follow tomorrow when I write.

I am no expert in calligraphy, but when you see the photostat copy of the letter which led to Raikes's discovery, I think you will agree with me that it was probably written by a woman, and not a very educated one, and that she has attempted to disguise her writing. We shall find her in time. . . .

He paused. The nightingale was still singing, but with it now came the raucous voices of a band of youths moving up the hill singing their pioneer song:

"One, two; one, two. We are
the young army of Tito!
One, two; one, two. We are
Tito's youth!"

To be continued next week

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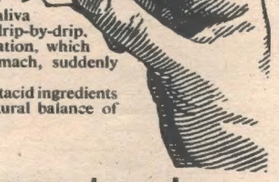

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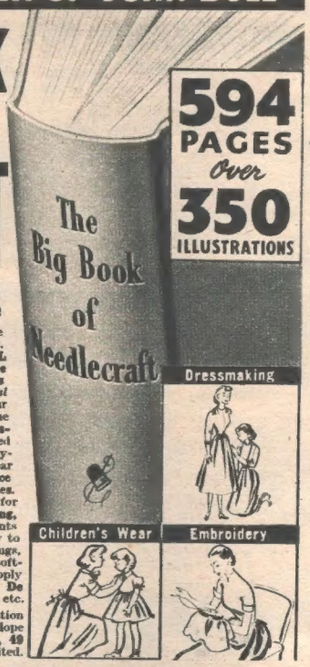

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